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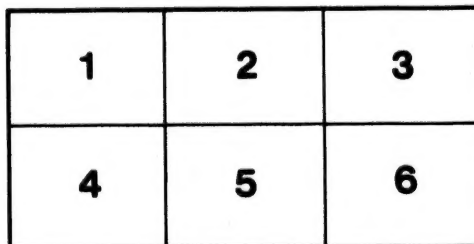
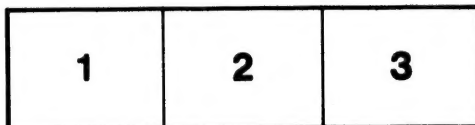
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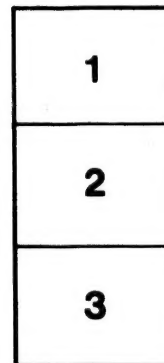
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A FEW NOTES ON CANADIAN MATTERS.

PART I.

AN Italian with a grievance broods moodily over it with his hand on the hilt of his knife; a Greek smiles on his enemy and strikes him secretly; a Frenchman gaily hums a tune and drowns his sorrows in *eau sucrée*. An Englishman writes to *The Times*: grimly does the true-born Briton cling to this glorious privilege—firm is his faith in his universal panacea. If he be beyond the reach of the penny post, he nurses his wrath till his return enables him to send it all hot to Printing-house-square. I remember on one occasion, near Avignon, a son of Cockayne, with touching belief in the universal efficacy of newspapers, requested me to translate into French an indignant epistle he had addressed to the editor of the *Moniteur* on the subject of some supposed attempt at extortion on the part of his enemy, the landlord of our hotel. But in truth the great redresser of grievances is but a reflex of public opinion, not a leader of it; and the secret of its success lies in its publication of complaints which affect a class, not a mere individual, of the community. When old Mr. Brown is garrotted in Islington, on his way home from the Freemasons' dinner, *The Times* inserts his dramatic account of the robbery, and informs the public that Brown has bought a revolver, and intends to use it; all Brown's friends buy revolvers, too, and their hearts palpitate beneath their white waistcoats as they hurry home. The grievance affects all elderly gentlemen who are too short of wind to wrestle confidently with a couple of ticket-of-leave men.

There are, however, anomalies in our social system, affecting some millions of our fellow subjects, upon which the newspapers are silent. Of this kind are the disadvantages and complaints of our colonies: a daily dissertation on some colonial grievance, however great or however true, would probably, if persevered in for a week, bring down the circulation of a paper. Occasionally, when a political cry is wanted at home, or a 'ministerial crisis' occurs

at the antipodes, an editor rakes a thousand and one letters from a pigeon-hole labelled Australia, in which they have been collecting for a month, and the gentleman who *does* the colonies writes a thunderer from these materials, denouncing the Home Government. Men lounging over the paper at their club, say that such-and-such a paper seems 'devilish well informed on colonial matters,' and turn with a yawn to the City article, or the state of the odds about the Derby.

The fact is, the subject does not interest them. Why should it? 'Despatches were received yesterday at the Colonial Office from the Governor of New Zealand.' Of course the Colonial Office, which is paid for the purpose, knows all about it; so the newspapers do not write what their readers do not care to read, and the Government does not attend to colonial grievances while there is no pressure from without.

But in sober earnest, is it not a mistake that we English commit, to care more, as we undoubtedly do, for an ascent of Mont Blanc, or a quarrel about some isolated scrap of the Rubric, than for the fate of the millions whom our high civilization has sent to find their bread elsewhere?

Offshoots from our stem have founded on the shores of the lakes of the West, and in the islands of the Southern Seas, commonwealths, on the model of our own. These have doubled and trebled their population within the memory of men now living. They are governed by our laws, trained to the greatness they are now rapidly attaining by our own time-honoured institutions; and it is a fact worthy of note, that even the native-born inhabitants of these distant lands still talk of our island as 'home.'

Throughout our colonial possessions there is now no vexed question which produces any real ill-feeling or excitement against the mother country: no question on which the whole energetic heart of the masses in any of our great dependencies is intently fixed. There is peace,

thank God, between us and our children. But it is against all logic, and contradicted by every lesson taught by the past, to suppose that matters will remain in *statu quo*. Our colonies are growing up; the very condition of their vigorous and self-reliant growth is progress. The question of their future must sooner or later arise, and be answered. It is a subject well deserving the close and anxious attention of every man in England; and it is simply because it is not sufficiently understood, that we consent to continue the old routine, instead of applying ourselves vigorously to probe the matter to the bottom, and apply the right remedy.

The same apathy existed before the American Revolution, and the people of England were awoken from their indolence by the breaking out of a war which was not quelled till our arms had been disgraced, and much blood and treasure had been uselessly squandered. Two centuries of distrust between us and a nation who were once proud of the British flag has been the result. Such a tragedy is little likely to recur. The day of coercion is past: we shall never again attempt to impose a tax on an unwilling people, or have to endure deserved hatred transmitted from generation to generation; never again shall we see a colony so mismanaged and its expressed wishes so outraged, as were our American dependencies from the Revocation of the Charter of Massachusetts to the Declaration of Independence. That order of things has happily passed away; civilization and progress alike forbid its recurrence. But yet, if we examine closely into the history of that time, we shall find that it was less cruelty than contempt which drove the Americans to extremity.

Many of our countrymen believe that the American Revolution took its origin from the successful effort made by the colonists to resist a tax which they had no voice in imposing. The imposition of that tax, however, was but the last act of the Comedy of Errors played by the Parliament of the day. In the early times of the settlement of America, Government looked with

contemptuous indifference on the emigrants who, having left England to avoid cruel persecution, were from the first not too warmly disposed towards the parent State. As years rolled on, their industry and energy made of the New World a possession for which it was well worth the while of Government to be anxious, but they interfered only to frame laws repugnant to the wishes of the settlers. These laws were neglected—inadequate force was called in to compel obedience—successful resistance bred contempt. The people became yearly stronger, the Crown more powerless, and the colonies seized the excuse of the obnoxious Stamp Act to become openly what they had long been at heart—*independent and republican*.

A similar course of alternate tyranny and weakness was pursued with regard to our Canadian fellow-subjects. When, in 1763, at the treaty of peace with France, Canada was ceded to the English Crown, such of its French inhabitants as chose to remain in the country were invited to do so. By a proclamation issued some months after, English and Irish people were invited to emigrate, and were promised the enjoyment of English laws and institutions. The French were secured in the possession of their property and the exercise of their religion. Plots of land were presented to many officers and soldiers who had served loyally in the American war.

The intention of Great Britain evidently was to form a military colony which might guard this new possession for the English Crown, in the same way as the Boers were originally intended as a frontier guard for the Cape Colony. The United Empire, or, as they are called in Canada for brevity, the 'U. E.' Loyalists, settled on their grants on the faith of the promises made to them. But in 1775 the English courts were annulled, and, to the indignation of the Loyalists, they found the old French laws and usages substituted in their stead. A few years later, Upper and Lower Canada were so divided as to cut off the Upper Canadians or English from all means of access to Europe, except at the option of the Americans of the United States, so lately their ene-

mies, or the Lower Canadians, by whom they considered themselves outwitted, and by whom they certainly were outnumbered and outvoted in the Assembly. For more than forty years it is indisputable that the loyal English colonist was sacrificed to please the French, who had not and could not be expected to have any feeling of attachment to our rule. During that time the urbulence of the French increased, and at length broke forth into active but unsuccessful rebellion. The union of Upper and Lower Canada followed, 'responsible government' was introduced, and the present non-interference system adopted. Since that time many of the old scars have been healed, many of the evils wrought by direct interference repaired; like a patient trusted by a doctor to nature, many of the old disorders have been removed. The loyalty of both sections of the province is now not only unquestionable but enthusiastic. Yet though we now do no harm, we do little good; our relations with our buoyant, hearty, affectionate colony are chilling. We treat them rather as Lord Privilege did Peter Simple in the novel. Peter came home from sea prepared to kiss his grandfather, and that nobleman gave him one finger to shake, and made him a bow instead. We live under a new order of things. Self-government, which has been conceded to the colonies, was the inauguration of a new and better policy. We cannot any longer blame the Colonial Office for what it does, but only for what it leaves undone. We have left off active interference, and run perhaps into the opposite extreme. Indifference may be as injurious as tyranny, though of course it cannot be so energetically and promptly resented. The true path leads between the two extremes. We have up to a certain time refused concession till angrily demanded; now we say, 'Do what you please; we do not care, and will not interfere.' Is not indifference almost as bad as unkindness? What is the good of retaining the affectionate name of the mother country, if it be not to give a kind word of sympathy and approval in due season?

Four colonies on the north of the

St. Lawrence are still our own. They are inhabited by a race whose loyalty is as much more active than our own, as feeling is stronger than habit. In the nature of things they will not remain as they are for ever. Face boldly the question of their ultimate fate, which must sooner or later arise. Determine whether it is desirable that they should always remain part of our body-politic. If it be so, what terms can we offer them in order to secure their acquiescence in that arrangement? If it be not, consider whether we are educating them, so to speak, for a mutually pleasant and advantageous separation.

Is it right that a great nation should consider her colonies as mere dependencies, an appanage of her regal character, a means to justify the boast that on her dominions the sun never sets, as part and parcel of her state—to be at all risks and at any expense retained; or are they to be considered as offshoots from the parent stem—children to be carefully guarded, helped, and restrained in their nonage, but as they approach maturity to be gradually freed from restraint, taught to see in the mother country their most natural protector, the best customer for their goods, the people most kindly interested in their welfare?

Surely the last is the more reasonable of the two alternatives, and in some degree we have adopted it. We have freed our colonies from the restraints of their youth; but in the kindly intercourse, the seasonable encouragement, more than all, the acts of kindness graciously received, which would bind them to us as with bars of steel, we fail utterly.

In the last war, while we raked together the offscouring of the German population among the unwilling United States, while we embodied Piedmontese and Italian refugees, we refused the eagerly proffered services of our Canadian brothers, in whose veins flow Anglo-Saxon blood, and who inherit to the full extent the bone and sinew, the nerve and the courage, of their English sires. They are too proud to complain; but when next we need such assistance, will they offer it as readily?

Such familiarities reverse the old

proverb, and breed no contempt. They are like interchanges of good offices with our own kith and kin in private life—they conduce to a better understanding of each other's foibles, and a more affectionate and intimate mutual regard. I make these suggestions and inquiries, not in order to give my own answer like an Irish echo, but as a sort of apology for the following pages. It is perhaps natural that one who feels the importance of a subject, should wish to persuade others at least to see and judge for themselves.

Steamers run from Liverpool every Saturday, which will deposit the adventurer within ten days, if he so please it, in London, County Middlesex—the only difference being that the London in question is in the backwoods of Canada West, and not in England. It may be an inducement to the genuine son of Cockayne to know that he may there wander on the banks of the Thames, cross Blackfriars-bridge, pass down Cheapside, Covent-garden, and so on to Pall-mall, Piccadilly, Oxford-street, St. James's-street, and Grosvenor-street; he may attend divine service at St. Paul's, and visit our mutual friends Messrs. Brown, Jones, and Robinson, who have stores in St. James's-street.* I see by a recent London Canada West paper, that the English journals of the 16th of the month were on sale at 'Austin's News Depot' on the 26th.

Why, then, does not every one with money and leisure, instead of making mechanically the usual Continental tour next summer, like a blind horse in a mill, determine to put his faith in Nature instead of 'Murray,' to see wonders in progress instead of castles in decay; and to vary the entertainment by a trip to the New World, with a view to a passing glimpse at England's Yankee cousins, and a little more extended acquaintance with her Canadian sons? He will find there generous and cordial hospitality; and be his hobby what it may, a chance to ride him. The lawyer, the statesman, the wit,—

every Roland will find an Oliver; and Roland must be very sharp or very stupid if he can learn nothing new. Is he an artist? I remind him of Montmorenci, a stream like the Thames at Richmond, leaping sheer down a precipice of two hundred feet; Niagara; the Thousand Islands. There are long ages of Indian history, illustrated by tombs, coins, weapons 'known only to the hunter' or the chance wanderer in the wilderness, that would well repay the antiquary. There is still honour and amusement among Canadian rocks and wild-flowers, for many a fellow-worker in the field with Logan.

I must here gravely premise, for the special benefit of the Corporation of the City of London, that the natives of Canada have no affinity, either in their religion or the colour of their skins, with the aborigines of the woods and prairies. They are white, and more or less Christian.

A little anecdote, which is also a true one, will prove that this is no superfluous information. A lady of my acquaintance was in England, on a visit to a friend, who took her, among other sights, to a ball at the Guildhall. During the evening the amiable *chaperon*, with the intention of introducing her charge to the Lady Mayoress, dispatched her husband to find the said charge, while she asked the necessary permission.

'A Canadian! oh I shall be so charmed. She is a Christian, of course? Does she speak much English?' said the Lady Mayoress, with an uneasy thought of what was to happen if she didn't.

Up came my pretty friend, and made her bow.

'Bless my heart!' exclaimed her ladyship, in consternation. 'I—I beg your pardon—I thought she was a black.'

I say nothing of the year in which this incident happened, because perhaps, in the retirement of private life, the worthy dame has had leisure to look up 'Canada' in her geography book. So I hope has a gentleman who asked me 'whether the natives did not call it Candia

* *Vide London C.W. Directory* for 1856, an amusing evidence of Canadian progress.

and if it wasn't doosed hot in the Mediterranean.'

On looking back at the time when the countries of Europe were still unclaimed from the forest, we find a state of society inconceivably barbarous and fierce. 'Centuries of obscure endeavour,' says Carlyle, 'which, to read history, you would call mere obscure slaughter, discord, and misendeavour, of which all that the human memory after a thousand readings can remember is, that it resembled what Milton termed it, the flocking and fighting of kites and crows.' Such is the picture constantly before the mind. The old chronicles ring with the din of arms, the feuds of nomade tribes, the loves and hates of petty chiefs, the muscular strength of one, the barbarous murder of another. Appalling revenge, hard knocks, turbulent misrule, fill these quaint records of a time out of joint.

But on the other side of the Atlantic you may see a whole nation contending with the natural difficulties which beset the barbarous hordes of early Europe, presenting in some respects the germ only and outline of civilization, and in others its full and complete development. It is like a man who by reading and thinking has forced himself intellectually through youth into middle age.

To one accustomed to our crowded country, perhaps the most striking fact, or rather process of the West, is the distinctness with which its gradual development is visible. That era in the life of a nation which corresponds to the first sketch of a picture, is now going on under his eyes. This process is nevertheless hard to understand at first. A European of a speculative or inquisitive turn may puzzle out, as regards the Old World, the problems which the American practically and naturally solves. In the New World you may watch the method by which politics, industry, lawsuits, and a thousand other causes, silently and actively work to *compose* the geography and character of the country. In Europe a man grows up unaccustomed to connect the actual boundary of a country with its physical geography or its political history. Nor does it often occur to any but a laborious

historian to reflect how they came there, who fixed them, or why they were not somewhere else. A boy learns by rote from a dull book, 'France, capital Paris, on the Seine; chief towns, Lyons and Amiens.' Does it ever occur to his pastors and masters to point out why Paris is the capital of France? Why the capital is not Lyons or Rouen, or more than all, Marseilles? Yet French history since the days of Louis VI. is a commentary on the reason. I can say for my own part, that it was only when the wish to account for such facts came with the every-day habit of thought of the Western World, that it ever occurred to me to think of matters. Who troubles himself to reflect whether the present position of London is a geographical necessity, or why it could not just as well have been at Richmond or at Margate? There are few, however, from the other side of the Atlantic whose habits of thought have not at once suggested similar questions on every place they go to.

The fact is, that the Canadian or the American has worked out his geographical problems not by map and book, but on the face of an uncultivated land. He does not see a fair city seated in an advantageous locality, which he views without caring why it came there. Almost every town has grown up within his own, or at any rate his father's recollection; he knows whether it is succeeding or not, and the reason why. If he wishes to settle, he has to choose his own home, and the making or marring of his fortune depends upon the correctness of his judgment.

It is this habit of complete self-reliance, of dependence only upon what his own acuteness, industry, or invention can discover or bring about, that is the true source of the inquisitive disposition which the inhabitant of the New World so often exhibits, to the annoyance and astonishment of the European. The American, in his turn, wonders alike at the helpless dependency of the master and the obsequious civility of the servant; he has never seen anything but a baby require or receive such care.

The first emotion of a European

is one of rather stupid astonishment. He sees a country in a state of breathless progress; but the motive power of that progress is new, the machinery strange, the whole condition of life a problem worked on data unknown to him. It is only when he has time to examine matters in detail, and has caught some of the inquisitive spirit of the hemisphere he is in, that he begins to obtain the clue. These conditions are best learned and most easily appreciated by a beginner in the backwoods. There you may see a society which, from its locality, would be as barbarous as Britain under the Romans, but for the genius of the nineteenth century, which brings the appliances of advanced civilization to aid its primitive contest with the wilderness.

A backwoods town exhibits in an amusing way this union of solid civilization with a rude outside. Originally created by the wants of the scattered pioneers of a frontier district, its site is not uncommonly decided by one of those speculators who form a class peculiar to the New World. Trained by long habit to discover by a slight indication the elements of future success, the adventurous individual buys the spot on which his fancy has raised a castle, and forthwith proceeds to realize his dream. The surveyor, with axe and compass, 'blazes' a road through the woods—that is, notches the trees every twenty or thirty yards in such a fashion that the traveller, keeping all the notches on his right or left hand, as the case may be, is piloted through the trackless woods. He next lays out on paper the destined site into town lots; numbers corresponding to those on the plan are marked on the trees at the corner of the various lots. A flaming advertisement appears in the newspapers, setting forth the immense advantage to be obtained by settling on the favoured spot, and advertizing a sale by auction. The terms of payment are usually very easy, the whole amount of purchase-money being spread over from four to seven or even ten years. If the tried judgment which selected the new town

plot has not failed—if the surrounding soil be fertile, a fact easily ascertained from the lumberers, whose winter-long residence in the woods makes them acquainted with every acre—or from intending speculators, who go out in large parties to 'prospect'—the pioneers soon find themselves no longer in solitude, and, according to the custom of their class, sell out their improvements and move further off. The new town begins to thrive. At first, while the axe is ringing in the neighbouring woods, one of the two or three log-huts that have formed the nucleus of the town, starts a small store; openings in the trees, where a lot has been cleared for building, become more frequent, and a corduroy road replaces the blazed line to the settlement where advancing civilization made its last halt.

Now it is that the natural advantages so carefully looked to by the original projector come into play. There is a fertile back country, whose grain finds in the new town a ready market, or passes by its wharves. There is good water communication with the lakes or great rivers, and soon steamers find their way up, whose first trips are conspicuously chronicled in the newspaper, which is sure to commence a bi-weekly issue in the first year of the existence of the town, whose *Banner* or *Star* it proclaims itself. If the new settlement be situated at the head of a lake, or where some stream forms a natural and commodious harbour, its progress is all the more rapid and certain. The whole province is studded with towns which prove this. The city of Ottawa, whose original name of Bytown was altered, by an Act of the Canadian Parliament during the session of 1854, to that of the noble river on which it stands, was, twenty-five years ago, a collection of log-huts and sheds. The ground on which the city is built was sold for the large sum of eighty pounds. It now contains ten or twelve thousand inhabitants, and its credit, shown by the value of its municipal debentures, is hardly second to that of any town in the province. This is not an isolated history. I know a gentleman who built one of the first three brick houses in Toronto, now the

capital of Canada. New York is popularly supposed to be the most prosperous city in the world, but Toronto has increased in population and wealth nearly twice as quickly. A brother officer of a friend of mine killed a bear, which attacked him while walking with two ladies, on the spot where the Bank of Upper Canada now stands. I also know a gentleman who settled in Hamilton when there was nothing there but a few Indian wigwams. At a recent sale, land which he had purchased at a dollar an acre was sold at one hundred dollars a foot. Hamilton has now, I believe, about twenty-five thousand inhabitants. The cities of the United States, about whose unexampled prosperity so much has been said, can show no increase like this.

The striking difference which exists between the present state of Canada and that described by Lord Durham in 1838, cannot but occur forcibly to the mind of any one acquainted with Canadian affairs. Lord Durham says:—

By describing one side, and reversing the picture, the other would be also described. On the American side all is activity and bustle. The forest has been widely cleared; every year numerous settlements are formed, and thousands of farms are created out of the waste; the country is intersected by common roads; canals and railroads are finished, or in the course of formation; the ways of communication or transport are crowded with people, and enlivened by numerous carriages and large steamboats. The observer is surprised at the number of harbours on the lakes, and the number of vessels they contain; while bridges, artificial landing-places, and commodious wharves are formed in all directions as soon as required. Good houses, warehouses, mills, inns, villages, towns, and even great cities, are almost seen to spring up out of the desert. Every village has its school-house and place of public worship. Every town has many of both, with its township buildings, its book-stores, and probably one or two banks and newspapers. The cities, with their fine churches, their great hotels, their exchanges, court-houses, and municipal halls of stone or marble, so new and fresh as to mark the recent existence of the forest where they now stand, would be admired in any part of the Old World. On the British

side of the line, with the exception of a few favoured spots where some approach to American prosperity is apparent, all seems waste and desolate. There is but one railroad in all British America; and that, running between the St. Lawrence and Lake Champlain, is only fifteen miles long. The ancient city of Montreal, which is naturally the commercial capital of the Canadas, will not bear the least comparison in any respect with Buffalo, which is a creation of yesterday. But it is not in the difference between the larger towns on the two sides that we shall find the best evidence of our own inferiority—that painful but undeniable truth is most manifest in the country districts through which the line of national separation passes for a thousand miles. There, on the side of both the Canadas, and also of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, a widely scattered population, poor, and apparently unenterprising, though hardy and industrious, separated from each other by tracts of intervening forest, without towns and markets, almost without roads, living in mean houses, drawing little more than a rude subsistence from ill cultivated land, and seemingly incapable of improving their condition, present the most instructive contrast to their enterprising and thriving neighbours on the American side.

Now hear the other side of the question, as stated in a prize essay on Canada, written by Mr. Hogan, a Canadian gentleman, in 1855:—

The World's Progress, published by Putnam, of New York, a reliable authority, gives the population and increase of the principal cities in the United States. Boston, between 1840 and 1850, increased forty-five per cent. Toronto, within the same period, increased *ninety-five* per cent. New York, the great emporium of the United States, and regarded as the most prosperous city in the world, increased, in the same time, sixty-six per cent, being thirty-five less than Toronto.

The cities of St. Louis and Cincinnati, which have also experienced extraordinary prosperity, do not compare with Canada any better. In the thirty years preceding 1850, the population of St. Louis increased fifteen times. In thirty-three years preceding the same year, Toronto increased eighteen times; and Cincinnati increased, in the same period given to St. Louis, but twelve times.

Hamilton, a beautiful Canadian city at the head of Lake Ontario, and founded much more recently than Toronto, has also had almost unex-

amplified prosperity. In 1836, its population was but 2846, in 1854, it was upwards of twenty thousand.

London, still further west in Upper Canada, and a yet more recently founded city than Hamilton, being surveyed as a wilderness little more than twenty-five years ago, has now upwards of ten thousand inhabitants.

The city of Ottawa, recently called after the magnificent river of that name, and upon which it is situated, has now above ten thousand inhabitants, although in 1850 it had but one hundred and forty houses, including mere sheds and shanties; and the property upon which it is built was purchased, not many years before, for eighty pounds.

The town of Brantford, situated between Hamilton and London, and whose site was an absolute wilderness twenty-five years ago, has now a population of six thousand, and has increased in ten years upwards of three hundred per cent., and this without any other stimulant or cause save the business arising from the settlement of a fine country adjacent to it.

The towns of Belleville, Coburg, Woodstock, Goderich, St. Catherine's, Paris, Stratford, Port Hope, and Dundas, in Upper Canada, show similar prosperity, some of them having increased in a ratio even greater than that of Toronto, and all of them but so many evidences of the improvement of the country and the growth of business and population around them.

That some of the smaller towns in the United States have enjoyed equal prosperity I can readily believe, from the circumstance of a large population suddenly filling up the country contiguous to them. Buffalo and Chicago too, as cities, are magnificent and unparalleled examples of the business, the energy, and the progress of the United States.

But that Toronto should have quietly and unostentatiously increased in population in a greater ratio than New York, St. Louis, and Cincinnati, and that the other cities and towns in Upper Canada should have kept pace with the capital, is a fact creditable alike to the steady industry and the noiseless enterprise of the Canadian people.

As shade in a picture brings a figure into relief, so does Lord Durham's gloomy view bring out more strongly the essayist's picture of joyful prosperity. What a change has been effected in nineteen years! The latter and more rapid strides of the colony have been due mainly to the remodelling of the enervating policy of our

colonial system, and the introduction of one which substitutes enterprise and energy for an idle reliance on differential duties in favour of colonial agricultural produce. The advantages of free trade are never more entirely displayed than by such facts as these. Any departure from its strict laws brings with it its own retribution. Before 1846 we erred by protecting Canadian products against American competition. We now err, as I shall have occasion to show further on, by subsidising ships to run to American ports, thereby forcibly diverting the great trade of the West from its natural highway of the St. Lawrence and Canadian railroads, and driving it perforce through American channels.

But we have left the town whose development we were watching almost long enough for it to have become a city in the backwoods—a city being fixed by universal custom in America, at a population of ten thousand souls. During the next ten years the stream of population pours steadily from the centre to the extremities, inundating the embryo town, and overflowing into the surrounding country. It will now probably contain several hundred inhabitants, two or three saw-mills, the same number of churches of different denominations, about twenty times as many groceries, *Anglice* grogshops, and the offices of at least four most violent newspapers. A few half-pay officers have cast anchor in the neighbourhood, which is also ornamented by the presence of a county-court judge. A railway, with horribly reckless curves, is in progress, and steamers trade daily down the river to the lake shore. Stumps, the remainder of the primæval forest, still stand in the streets, and turn the bullock-wagons out of their course as they creak along. A doctor's buggy, with a knowing-looking wiry animal in the shafts, more than three parts thoroughbred, bumps at the rate of ten miles an hour in and out of the ruts and over the stumps, regardless of bones or springs.

The young ladies and gentlemen of the town, attired in the newest Toronto-Parisian fashions, dash rapidly by in light wagons with 'spans' of good-looking horses, under

the same conditions as the radical gentleman in point of human and carriage anatomy. I need hardly explain that a pleasure-wagon is a sort of tea-tray, cunningly suspended on four wheels of enormous diameter and slight construction. An attempt to turn suddenly infallibly results in an upset. Knowledge of this circumstance of course greatly tends to the fulfilment of Solomon's precept, to keep young ladies and gentlemen in the way they should go. Indians and squaws enveloped in blankets, some of the latter with unfortunate papooses strapped to boards and slung upon their shoulders, loiter about the flour and spirit stores. Active, clean-limbed lumberers in red flannel shirts, flung open at the chest, parade the streets. They have probably stopped their rafts to take in provisions, and to repair damages incurred in shooting the Falls above the town. They have bivouacked all the winter on their 'timber limits' up the country, and are now on their toilsome way to load the Fall fleet at Quebec. There are pianos in most of the houses, and very pretty young ladies to play upon them. Everything within betokens high civilization—everything without society in its first elements.

But follow into the woods one of the roads which now on all sides diverge still further from civilization, and you obtain a better insight into the means by which the prosperity you have just witnessed has been attained. Much as we must appreciate the rapid growth of towns in Canada, and however true it may be that the statistics of their progress afford the most startling view of Canadian prosperity to a casual observer, it must not be forgotten that the plough is her real source of wealth. Unskilled, but honest and persevering, labour will always meet with a more than adequate reward. The speculator may amass a rapid fortune, but he is a unit among thousands. The fact that the great majority of emigrants, who in despair of providing even the common necessities and decencies of life in the Old World, can here be certain of obtaining its luxuries, carries with it more solid consolation and

more cheering prospects to those who may think of treading in their steps. The qualities of energy and perseverance, useless unless backed by capital in the overstocked labour market of Europe, will alone insure success to their possessor, though his sole wealth be his sinewy arms and a determination to exert the patient endurance for which his class is celebrated.

To the good settler may be aptly applied the words of the poet:—

He shall not dread misfortune's angry
mien,
Nor feebly sink beneath her tempest
rude,
Whose soul has learned through many
a trying scene
To smile at fate, and suffer unsubdued.
In the rough school of billows, clouds,
and storms
Nursed and matured, the pilot learns
his art;
Thus fate's dread ire through many a
conflict forms
The lofty spirit and enduring heart.

It is worthy of remark that the Canadian farmer acquires a knowledge of the scientific improvements in his art more easily and with less trouble than one of any other country. Nowhere else can you see so many different nationalities peaceably settled side by side. The industrious and plodding German, the farmer with more energy than capital from the scientific Lowlands of Scotland, settle side by side with the thoroughbred backwoodsman, and bring each his quota of the information which commands success. There are few improvements in machinery, or mode of cultivation, brought into general use in Europe, that do not soon afterwards make their appearance on the other side of the Atlantic. Stock of all kinds has been exported from this country, and the most approved breeds of horses and every kind of cattle thrive and multiply exceedingly in their Western home. While the settler such as we have above described enjoys deserved prosperity, one with the smallest particle of pride in his composition experiences the proverbial fate of that passion. The man who, unlike Mr. Barkis, is not 'willin'' to put his hand to the plough, and to bend at once his back and his ambition to

the agreeable task of felling a few acres of forest trees, will find himself compelled to sell his improvements to a less soaring nature at a ruinous loss, and will probably end his practical essay on emigration in a fit of *delirium tremens* induced by Canadian whisky. I have known several specimens of young gentlemen who, being unsuccessful at home, were considered by their parents and guardians as eminently likely to succeed in Canada, and who finding farming difficult, took to drink instead. If English Chartist leaders, instead of urging their hearers to demand political rights and a slip of Dartmoor Common, were to take into consideration the fact that men of thews and sinews are at a high premium in the colonies—that by going out to those colonies they may secure high wages and abundance of the luxuries of life—if they would understand that the command of two meat meals a-day is of more importance to them and their families than universal suffrage, and were to agitate for a free passage across the seas, instead of for the establishment of a Utopia at home,—they would do the State good service.

An English mechanic is a good-natured and at heart an orderly fellow. He would work if he could; and as work is plentiful and hands are wanting in Canada, he would both secure independence for himself by going there, and benefit those who remain by displacing the present pressure of the labour market.

The difference between the advanced notions of the Upper Canadian farmer and the conservative prejudices of the more remote districts of Lower Canada is very striking. The Habitan, as the Upper Canadian is called, has all the virtues and most of the prejudices of a very primitive state of society. In this he differs from the cosmopolitan settler of the West, who has no prejudices whatever. The feudal, or seignorial tenure under which the greater part of the Lower Canadian lands have been held till very lately, the provisions of which seemed framed for the one object of rendering the acquisition of property almost impossible, contributed much,

no doubt, to this state of things. The tenure of land is encumbered with conditions whose very names are unknown in our laws, though even they are not too straightforward. A Tenancier, or Censitaire, under the old French law, besides a small rent, would probably pay his landlord in addition, a pig, or a goose, or a fowl, or a bushel of wheat. The *droit de banalité* conferred on the seigneur the right to a fourteenth part of the tenant's corn, under the name of *mouture*, or grinding dues. The *loas et ventes* gave him one-twelfth of the purchase-money of every estate within his seigniority which changed hands by sale. The whole seignorial tenure has been lately done away with, and lands can be held in fee simple in the same way as in Upper Canada, and be as easily acquired. A move in that direction was made somewhere about the year 1790, by introducing the free and common socage tenure, but this has never been popular among the conservative Habitans, who cling with tenacity to the patriarchal rule of their ancestors. Doubtless the repeal of the seignorial rights will effect a revolution in the quiet, and it must be confessed comparatively backward, agricultural inhabitants of the Lower Province.

The native politeness of even the poorest among the French population, and the truly French grace and freedom from awkwardness with which their hospitality is dispensed, have been remarked by all who come in contact with them. The subdivision of property among all the children which takes place on the death of a parent, and the demarcation of the new boundaries so as to give every sharer an equal frontage on the highway or an equal portion of the wood or water behind, give a curious appearance to some of the villages; they are not clustered together, but extend, with a few yards' interval between every house, for miles, and a long narrow field stretches out behind the house, perhaps a mile long and thirty yards wide. Standing on the citadel at Quebec and looking towards Montmorenci, the whole road—some thirteen miles—is

marked by a white line of houses, with fences stretching away to the river on one side, and to the woods on the other, giving it the appearance of a long white centipede.

It seems, however, that the rage for agricultural improvement has at last reached Lower Canada, for at an agricultural exhibition held at Quebec a year or two ago, there was a most creditable show of cattle and implements of husbandry. It was attended by large numbers of people, and spoke well for the *animus* with which improvement begins to be regarded. I read in a Canadian newspaper a few days ago, that a gentleman, who, judging from the results of his labour, must be an indefatigable archæologist, has recently traced back by means of marriage registers and notarial papers, the Lower Canadian families to their original homes in France. He states, giving the proportions, that most of them come from Paris; the next greatest number from Normandy; all are from the north of France. I wonder if the fishermen of the St. Lawrence, and the lumberers of the Ottawa know that they are 'Parisiens d'origine?'

The destination of the emigrant to Canada is entirely at his own discretion, the only exceptions being the large numbers who have no intentions or plans at all. These forlorn individuals may, however, obtain every information gratis from the emigration agents, whose printed instructions contain most valuable and reliable information on all points interesting to them. 'Passengers are particularly cautioned not to part with their ship tickets.' Such is the golden rule with which Mr. Buchanan, the chief emigration agent, begins his advice. The neglect of this precaution has many a time been productive of untold discomfort, and sometimes worse, especially to unprotected females. In Canada, as everywhere else, interested advice is often offered; and if the unfortunate victim is persuaded to remain in Quebec instead of going up the country immediately, he will learn to his cost, that among the dens of the 'Lower Town' Diogenes would have found no reason to extinguish his lantern. It is quite inconceivable on what slen-

der information a 'boy' from the Emerald Isle will proceed.

'Where are you going to settle, my man?'

'Well, thin, yer honour, I'm going up to join Barney Magee, that's doin' mighty well, glory be to God, in these parts—lastewise I'm tould so.'

'What part of the country is Barney in?'

'Faith, thin, I disremember entirely, yer honour.'

This, with the country as full of Barneys as an egg is of meat.

The inconvenience of the present system has long been patent to all; numerous societies have been formed, at the various ports in the United States and elsewhere, at which emigrants usually land, with the object of protecting those helpless and, it must be admitted, rather thick-headed individuals.

I see by the Canadian journals that Mr. S. P. Bidder, the general manager of the Grand Trunk Railway of Canada, has turned his attention to the subject, and brought his large practical experience to bear most usefully upon it—*rem acu tetigit*, he has hit the right nail on the head—arrangements have been made by which passengers, whether emigrants or others, are to be passed to any part of Northern or Western America, on tickets issued to them in Europe. Thus, passengers who purchase through-tickets from the agents of the Grand Trunk Railway at Havre, Antwerp, Cork, Bremen, or Aberdeen, in short, at any port trading with Montreal, Quebec, Portland, or Boston, will be conveyed to any point in Canada to which a railway runs, or to any place in the United States where there is a station, without the necessity of an inquiry or a moment's unnecessary delay. Each passenger is to be supplied, besides his ticket, with a map of his route, and even a time-table, which will tell him within a few minutes the time at which he will reach his settlement in the Western woods!

The emigration agents at all the principal towns will furnish every information relative to lands open for settlement, routes, distances, and expenses of conveyance. Labourers, artisans, and mechanics can learn from them the best directions in

respect to employment, the places at which it is to be had, and the rates of wages. The agents being in constant communication with each other all over the province, can, better than any private person, direct the skilled or unskilled labourer to the exact spot where, from local or temporary causes, a demand exists for the kind of labour he is competent to supply. An emigrant possessed of sufficient capital to support him during the first year, may afford to buy a tract of land at once, and the sooner he goes to work the better. During that period the labour of getting up a house and clearing a small portion of his farm will fully occupy his time, and prevent him from getting any crop, except, perhaps, a few potatoes. If he be unprovided with money to make a good start, he had better go into service for a time.* By this means he will not only avoid a dispiriting failure at first starting—such as many a good man has never been able to retrieve—but he will learn the habits of the country, and be able to bide his time for a start on his own account, which the high rate of wages (averaging from four shillings and sixpence to five shillings a-day currency for labourers, and seven shillings and sixpence to ten shillings a-day for mechanics) will soon enable him to accomplish. Women-servants receive, according to their skill in household work, from fifteen to thirty shillings a month.

Passengers are allowed by law to remain forty-eight hours on board after their arrival, and are to be landed free at the usual landing-place, between certain hours. The practice used to be to bundle emigrants ashore in the middle of the night and at any place most convenient to the captain. An act of the Canadian Parliament now regulates both time and place. The

captains are compelled to anchor 'within the following limits—to wit, the whole space of the River St. Lawrence from the mouth of the River St. Charles to a line drawn across the said river from the flagstaff on the citadel on Cape Diamond'—that is, within half a mile either way of the usual landing-place. The time of landing is between six o'clock A.M. and four o'clock P.M.

The emigrant who intends to farm had better buy a small improved farm than a more extensive tract of wild lands. Large numbers of farms are constantly passing out of the hands of their first occupants, who have either failed or desire to move farther off. An abode, with a little clearing in the woods and a house, however rude, ready built, is much less disheartening to the settler than a bivouac under a 'lean-to' of sticks and leaves, till he can clear a place for a shanty in the bush. He had better not, as a general rule, go too far from the older settlements at first.

The real backwoods pioneer is a character distinct from the settler. He sells out and goes farther on as soon as civilization reaches his location in the wilderness. He is usually a native-born Canadian, or a very restless importation from home. The English settler must look to ready access to a market for his produce, if he wish to prosper; and the further he leaves civilization behind him the more will he have to pay for the necessities of life, and the more will the cost of carriage diminish the profits of what he has to sell.

The only exception to this is the farmer who follows in rear of the lumber-men. He finds in their wants a ready market, 'not only at a price equal to that procurable in the ordinary marts, but increased by the cost of transport from them to the scene of the lumbering operations.'†

* *The Price of Clearing Wild Lands, and how Cleared.*—The clearing of wild land is always to be understood as clearing, fencing, and leaving it ready for a crop in ten-acre fields, the stumps and roots of the trees alone being left to encumber the operations of the farmer. The price varies greatly, according to circumstances, but may be quoted at present as £5 currency per acre. The payment is always understood to be made in cash, except a special written bargain to the contrary is entered into. Timber is now becoming scarce and valuable in some locations, and near the railway the value of timber is equal to the cost of clearing the land.—*Canada Company's Pamphlet.*

† Lord Elgin's Despatch, 15th Sept., 1853.

The direction taken by the stream of emigration in the United States is much influenced by Government. A few years ago it was directed chiefly towards Michigan; the next points were Nebraska and Minnesota. Talking of Michigan, a curious instance of an advantageous position securing to a town continued prosperity, in face of legislative enactments, and such-like forcible means, is to be found in the case of Detroit. I tell the tale as it was told to me on the spot. A blundering act of the State Congress endeavoured to deprive it of its then position of capital town of Michigan. It was determined to remove the seat of Government. All the State deputies, except those from Detroit, determined that there should be a move somewhere; but as each claimed the honour for his own abode, and peremptorily refused to fix on any other, they eventually placed it in the exact geographical centre, miles from any human habitation, and called the name of the place Lansing. Shanties—one of them a hall for the Congress of the State—sprang up like mushrooms; and although there was in 1854 no carriage road to the capital, a railroad will soon run there, if it is not already in operation. But nothing can injure Detroit.

The United States' plan of forming a railroad, and paying for it, seems to me a good one, and one that might be advantageously introduced into the wilder parts of Canada. It is, to give the company contracting for the work legal titles to a belt of land extending in some cases as much as twenty miles on each side the proposed line; the land at the time of granting is of course worthless, but the presence of the line gives it value directly, as the only condition of success of which a backwoods settler is not secure is a ready access to a market for his produce. The land is soon settled. This monopoly is not so dangerous as it might appear, for the company's interest is not to raise the price of land, but to lower it in order to attract settlers. The canal which connects Lake Superior with Lake Michigan, and which enables ships of heavy tonnage to pass the falls called the Sault St.

Marie, a difference of level of more than eighty feet, was made in this manner. Pending the fulfilment of the contract, when they receive legal titles, between seven and eight thousand acres were set aside, under the name of the 'canal reserve,' and could not be touched by either party. Before that time vessels were conveyed over the *portage* on rollers; anything seemed to be good enough for the Far-Westerns, one of whom alluded to the vessel on board which we were traversing Lake Superior in company as being 'darn'd old and leakysome;' but he added cheerfully, 'I guess they will run her till she sinks or busts up—and God help the crowd the last trip!'

The emigrant's first home in the bush is a desolate and lonely object to look upon. The rude log-hut, like the abode of some mariner shipwrecked among the huge green waves of the woods, affords small promise of the comfortable frame-house that will take its place in a year or so. Still less does the scanty crop of Indian corn that struggles on among the roots of the forest trees foretell the golden harvest that will ere long wave there. Well might the emigrant's heart sink and his courage fail as he struggles on against such odds, were it not that he knows right well that thousands such as he have fought the same fight and conquered. It appears impossible to a spectator that a single arm should, unaided, fell and remove the acres of timber that as yet cover up the site of his intended farm. Great, ponderous giants, blackened and scorched by the fires which he has lit to clear away the brushwood, or 'stagging,' as it is there called, lifting their limbs to heaven, naked and dead from the notches which have girdled their trunks the year before, seem to represent the very ideal of inert resistance. But the primitive custom of backwoods life affords a means of escape from the difficulty. It is an understood thing that every neighbour shall give a day's work in consideration of a return in kind when he may happen to want it. When, therefore, an acre or so of trees has been felled, the settler summons his friends for a certain

day to a 'logging bee.' This will be a great fête. His wife will meet her gossips, and his children their playfellows. Great store of substantial viands does the good dame lay in, and potent is the home-brewed whisky that she distils for the occasion. At the earliest dawn the settlers assemble, and after an early breakfast proceed to work. Each one has brought a team of oxen and a stout chain, to drag away the felled trees, and pile them in convenient heaps. It is the glorious privilege of the urchins to set fire to them. He who wishes to see a thoroughly honest day's work done, should assist at a 'log-rolling bee.' No shuffling here, but honest men, knowing the value of what they give, and giving it with all their hearts. No one ever saw a hiring work in such a manner. The scene of confusion as the day advances baffles description: the shouts and struggles of the farmers and their oxen; the crackling flames; the pungent smoke of green burning wood impregnating the air for miles; the wild figures begrimed with smoke and dirt, till they look like demons; the clearing itself surrounded like an amphitheatre by the sombre forest, with the settlers' shanty on its verge,—form a curious picture. By the way, the municipal roads, when civilization has arrived sufficiently near to the settler to bring him within the limits of a municipality, are made on much the same principle. Every inhabitant is obliged, either personally or by deputy, to furnish a certain number of days' labour upon them.

As you advance farther into the woods, clearings become less frequent, and the roads, bad at the best of times, finally narrow away, as the Yankees say, to a squirrel track, and run up a pine-tree. Nothing but a slight trail, like the run of some wild animal, and the blazes on the trees, show that it has been explored. Here and there, at wide intervals, a day's journey perhaps apart in the woods, you may see the huts, deserted in the summer, where the lumberers store provisions for their fall and winter operations. These huts are generally to be found near some stream which runs into a navigable river, and on whose banks

the finest timber grows and the richest soil is to be found. Every one acquainted with the back settlements must have been struck by the picturesque appearance of these lumberers, with their peculiar costume and habits. They appear in the great towns sometimes, generally late in the summer, and conduct themselves there much like sailors ashore after a cruise. Like them, they are, as a body, recklessly extravagant in squandering the high wages obtained in their rough and dangerous calling; they have the same whimsical kind of generosity, and a most alarming partiality for rough frolics and practical jokes.

A near view of the calling of these hardy pioneers strips it of all the poetry with which fancy naturally invests a life of hardship and adventure. The reality is hard and stern enough. Its danger and excitement naturally contribute largely to attract and form the magnificent race of men which they undoubtedly are, as far as thews and sinews are concerned. The trade is one of the greatest importance to Canada, and probably will continue to furnish for the next hundred and fifty years a large proportion of her material wealth. Winter is the time when the lumbering operations are carried on in the woods; the frozen snow then presents smooth and firm pathways in every direction over the face of a country which would otherwise be impassable for horses and for the felled trees which they drag to the sides of the streams. The summer and autumn afford time for the necessary preparations. The Ottawa district is one of the most important of those which rely almost entirely upon their timber; indeed the beautifully situated city of that name, whose rapid development I have alluded to above, owes its advancement almost entirely to the timber trade. A journey up the Ottawa for the purpose of witnessing the mode of carrying on this curious trade, will amply repay any one with a good constitution, a strong digestion, and a thorough appreciation of the beauties of nature. He will find ample scope for developing these three qualities before he gets back to civilized life.

The Ottawa was the route by

which the Recollet Father le Caron first succeeded in reaching the West; Champlain had preceded him in 1615 as far as Lake Nipissing. Though forming, as a glance at the map will show, by far the most direct route to the Great West, the falls and rapids which obstruct its course have hitherto opposed an insuperable barrier to navigation, and the trade which under other circumstances would have passed over its waters, has been forced into less direct channels. A large outlay has been made by the Canadian Government to perfect the timber slides by which the rafts are safely brought over the rapids; but it would require an enormous sum, and one which the present uninhabited condition of the Upper Ottawa does not warrant, before it can claim the distinction to which its geographical position entitles it, of the direct water route to the West. To render it completely available for the purposes of trade, locks must be formed to overcome the shallows of French River, a broad but shallow stream which connects Lake Nipissing with Georgian Bay; a ship canal must traverse the *portage* between Lake Nipissing and the head waters of the Ottawa; and the falls and rapids of that magnificent river must be overcome. Doubtless, ere the present generation has passed away these conditions will be fulfilled, and ships, 'outward bound' for England, will carry the grain of Nebraska and Minnesota, without once breaking bulk, from the very centre of the American continent to the ports of Europe.

It may, however, be received as an axiom, that wherever the lumberman leads the way the settler is sure to follow; the wants of the former creating a favourable market for the produce of the latter. It may, therefore, be confidently predicted that this magnificent country will not long remain uncultivated. Moreover, the soil, which produces the timber most in request—viz., rock elm and oak, is also best adapted to agricultural pursuits. Mr. Buchanan, in his advice to emigrants, strongly insists on the advantage of the Ottawa as a place to settle.

In the meantime, if you intend to

accompany one of the men sent on in summer to 'prospect' or decide on the scene of the winter's labours, sundry preparations are absolutely necessary, though no greater mistake can be made than to encumber yourself with unnecessary luggage, remembering that half the time you will have to carry your 'possibles' on your back, with your canoe into the bargain, through forests where roads are not. Yet as those forests are singularly empty of game, in which point they resemble all the American forests that I have seen, provisions must be carried, and a great encumbrance they are. The flour-bags look very large, and are decidedly inconveniently heavy when they are turned out of the canoe at the first *portage*; but the extra weight, which soon diminishes as the party eat their way through them with backwoods appetites, is a smaller evil than being half starved.

My note-book furnishes a list of articles which I took when out on one of these backwoods expeditions with a friend. We had four men, and were going to far more distant regions than those now under consideration. We expected to strike a settlement where we could get provisions in about ten days; failing in this hope, we suffered severely. We carried three hams, 28lb.; bacon, 30lb.; green tea, 2lb.; sugar, one loaf and 4lb.; pepper and salt; biscuits, 10lb.; brandy (to be used medicinally, or as a 'nightcap' while sleeping out in wet weather), 3 pints; flour, 160lb.; axes, guns, and knives, camp kettle, four saucepans and tin cups fitting into each other; plates to fit into camp kettle, lantern and candles; one blanket a-piece; a large square of oilcloth to spread on the ground and sleep on. It keeps the damp from rising, and is very valuable in a sanitary point of view. Pipes, tobacco, and a good store of lucifer-matches. The list may be useful to any one starting on a journey into the woods, as his preparations must be made on the outskirts of civilization, where reliable advice is not always attainable, the backwoodsman's love of fun being often stronger than his desire to teach woodcraft to a novice. The mode of travelling would, were it not for the variety and beauty of

the scenery, be rather dull after the first novelty had worn off. Far north, and near the confines of the Hudson's Bay territory, where my canoeing experience has been gained, the guides are mostly half-bred Indians, who are still called by their old Canadian name of *Voyageurs*. Many of them come from the Red River Settlement, and are thoroughly acquainted with forest life. The same class of men, as far as skill and hardihood are concerned, are employed to explore the timber regions, though I believe they are mostly native Canadians. The way of life is the same. Up at daybreak; strike the tent if there is one, or carefully roll up the blankets, and take a swim in the stream. Your men examine the canoe, and carefully repair with gum or resin (an indispensable necessary) any damages that may have been inflicted on its fragile sides by the sharp-pointed rocks in the shallows. Then breakfast, which will consist of rancid bacon, very nasty bread (made of flour and water, rolled round a stick, and roasted before the fire), and a tin mug of green tea, strong enough, as the lumberers say, to carry a horse, and rough enough in flavour to peel the tongue of a buffalo. Breakfast despatched, stow away the 'plunder,' and paddle steadily till you come to a fall or rapid. If it be possible to pole or paddle up the latter, the most exciting scene follows. The whole party, puffing volumes of tobacco smoke, and uttering wild shouts and screams, tug at the paddles with desperate energy. Sometimes for half a minute the canoe will hang just on the crest of a rapid. Woe be to the light craft and everything she contains if the man who holds the steering paddle allows her head to sway an inch from its direction straight upstream! Down she goes, hurled from rock to rock, past which she was guided with such difficulty, and the dripping wights wend their weary way back to the nearest settlement, through the woods. But if the steersman possesses a practised eye and a steady hand, the momentary pause is followed by a dart forward into smooth water, and a breathing space, during which the panting crew may

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look back to the scene of their exciting struggle. Sometimes a fall or a long reach of the river obliges the party to land, in order to make a *portage* through the woods or over the rocks, and to launch again higher up. The *voyageurs*, in their characteristic red shirts and moccasins, staggering with the canoe and baggage on their shoulders over the steep rocks, would make a pretty subject for a painter. The novice is startled at first to hear the warning sound of the rattlesnake as it glides off the path apparently just where his foot would at the next step have fallen among the leaves. I never trod on one, nor does such a thing often happen; but I once, in jumping from one stone to another, pitched right on the head of a garter snake which was lying there asleep. I never was in such a fright in my life, thinking it at first a 'rattler.'

At noon you halt for dinner. Pork, bread, and tea again; camp at sunset. In some of the small streams, the trees which fall across from bank to bank often block further advance, and a way has to be cut with axes. Another source of danger to the canoe are what Mississippi boatmen call 'snags' and 'sawyers.' Both are trees, washed into mid-channel by the winter currents, and forming snags when their sharp broken branches point up stream, and sawyers when they turn down, both being equally fatal to small craft. I am inclined to think that the fullest development of what Orientals call 'kaif' takes place when the camp fires burn brightly at night, and you lie, smoking peacefully, and gazing dreamily upwards through the tree-tops at the star-spangled sky. Often, in such a scene, ere night's

Sweet child, Sleep, the filmy-eyed,
Whispered like a noontide bee,
Shall I nestle by thy side?

have I lain, with thoughts far away in the distant fatherland, listening idly to the rippling stream, till the splash of some bear or deer in the water, jarring like a broken chord on quiet thoughts, brought me back from dreamland to the camp-fire and the rifle.

Arrived at the place near which the lumberers' winter quarters are

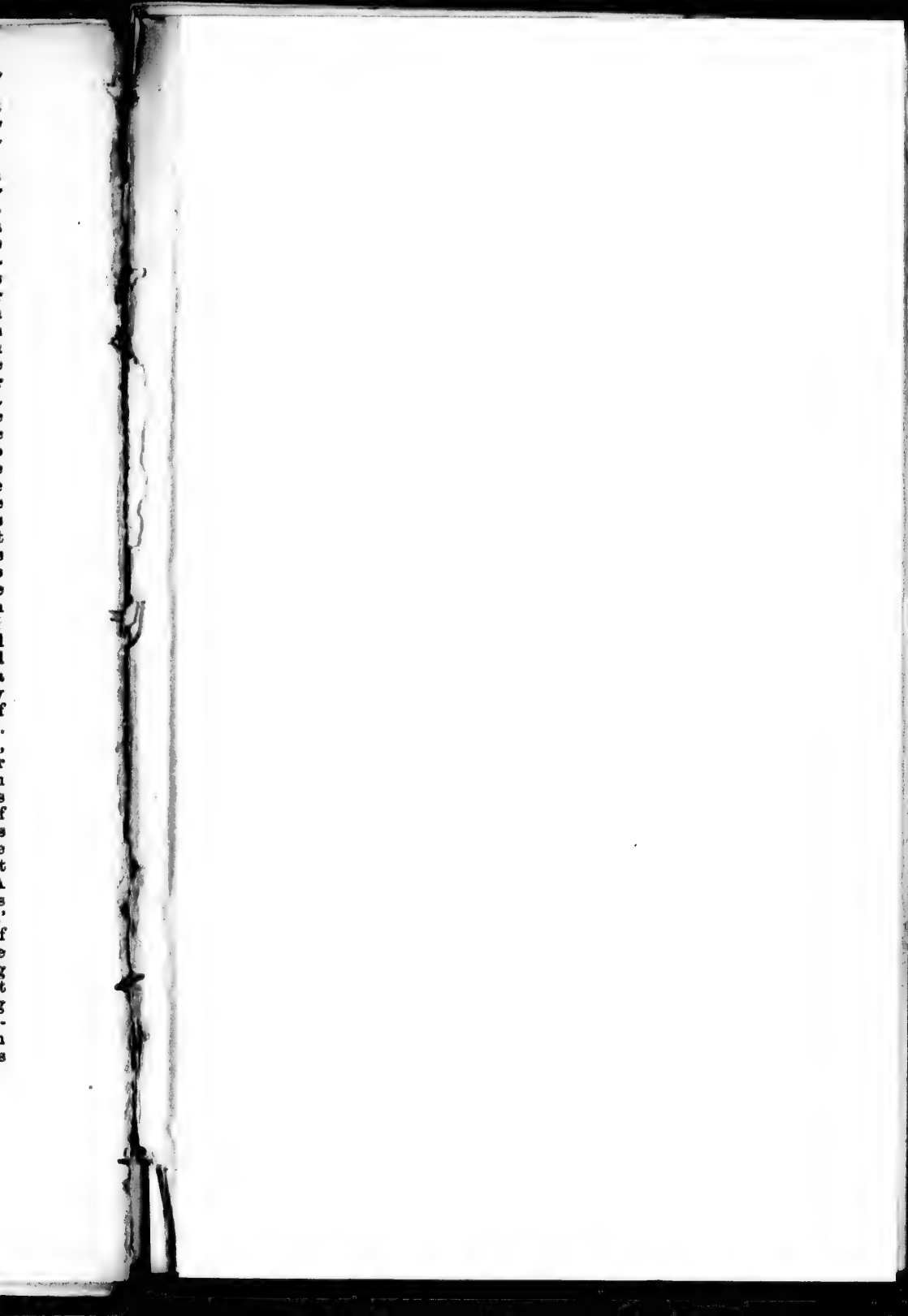
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to be established, the *voyageurs* commence their search for the places in which the finest timber grows. These men, though often unable to read or write, manage to make a tolerably correct, and often exceedingly graphic, map of the country. They note down, after their own fashion, the run of streams and character of soil, and exhibit an amount of knowledge of woodcraft signs, by which timber of the desired quality are discovered, which resembles intuition, and greatly puzzles a stranger. As soon as the first snows have fallen, men and horses appear on the spot, and the heretofore silent forest resounds with the din of a hundred axes. The logs are roughly trimmed and dragged over the snow-roads to the nearest stream, where they lie till, at the breaking-up of the frost in the spring, they are floated down by the first freshet into some river or lake, where they are made up into rafts, and taken over perhaps a thousand miles of water to Quebec. If the water in the stream where the logs are first deposited is insufficient to float them, the lumberers, taking example from the beaver, raise a dam lower down, and suddenly breaking away the obstacle, 'flush' them over the shallows. The huts in which the men live, and which in summer are used to store provisions and materials, are fitted with banks or sleeping places like the cabin of a ship, and the chorus of snores which salutes the ear of any wakeful member of the party is rather astonishing, and speaks well for backwoods lungs. Sometimes a restless spirit will awake, and, as a natural consequence, instantly feel hungry. He will turn out and consume a pound or so of salt pork and a jorum of cold green tea before lighting his pipe and resuming his slumbers. The tea-leaves are never removed from the great kettle. Fresh tea is always added, and the kettle kept continually boiling over the fire, which, in consequence of the intense cold, is, of course, alight night and day. The natural inference is, that lumberers have no

nerves—if they had, such tea would assuredly destroy them. I suppose the awful work they endure counteracts its effects.

The conveyance of the rafts down to Quebec in the spring and summer is the most adventurous and dangerous part of the trade. It is a slow process. Rafts from the most distant stations occupy sometimes more than a year (that is more than that part of the year during which the river navigation is opened), and do not reach Quebec till the second spring. In their long and arduous voyage the lumberers live entirely on their rafts, or at night camp beside them. They shoot the most formidable rapids with a precision and nerve that it requires long training to acquire. Sometimes they come upon a timber jam, where some raft, broken up by a rapid, has gone to pieces, and one of the sticks as they are called has been caught on the rocks, all succeeding logs become entangled and form a heap of gigantic spellicans across the river. Then a volunteer, the man of the most active form and coolest nerve, with tightened waistband and wary step, climbs axe in hand over the mass, and selecting with a practised eye the tree, often only slightly poised, which is the key of the whole, begins to cut it away. Suddenly there is a crack. Now, run!—*Garde à toi*—Look out for your life! shout the watchers on the bank. The adventurer leaps like an antelope from log to log of the falling timber; one moment's delay, one false step, and the whole jam, thousands of tons of forest trees, will be down on his head. A moment more, either like Horatius Cocles, 'on dry earth he stands,' or, with a sickening sensation of impotent despair, the bystanders see the mass crushing and struggling above him; and when the tumult has subsided, they commence among the rocks and timbers below a fruitless search for a mangled body from which the adventurous spirit has been crushed.

BETA MIKRON.



A FEW NOTES ON CANADIAN MATTERS.

PART II.

A SEMICIRCLE drawn towards the south, with a radius of some eight hundred miles from a point about the centre of James's Bay, would indicate the general direction of a line of hills which forms the northern boundary of the Canadas. These hills rise gradually from the shores of Hudson's Bay, like the seats of a huge amphitheatre, of which its waters represent the arena. Their southern slope forms the valley of the St. Lawrence, which, with the great lakes, describe another and larger semicircle round their common centre.

Near the head of Lake Superior, the mountains run suddenly some two hundred miles towards the south, and touching the American frontier line, define the western limit of the Upper Province.

At this moment, when public attention is directed towards the Hudson's Bay territory, the country to the north of this boundary possesses an unusual interest.*

The press in Canada has raised an almost unanimous voice against the renewal of the privileges of the Great Fur Company. It has been stigmatized as a gigantic monopoly, as a cruel and inhuman despotism, exercising a 'Lynch Law' authority, and committing, in the name of an illegal charter, murder and wrong by the sole right of physical force. We have neither time nor inclination to recount a tithe of the horrors which are related as having been perpetrated by the officials of the Company; we can but take a hasty glance, first, at the subject of contention, and then at the contention itself.

The whole country from the Pacific to the Atlantic, and from the forty-ninth parallel of latitude to the North Pole, belongs to Great Britain. That portion which lies between the Pacific and the Rocky Mountains, for the most part unexplored, marches on the north with Russia, on the south with the United States.

The remainder naturally falls into three general divisions. The region between the Rocky Mountains and Hudson's Bay, extending towards the south as far as Peace River and Lake Arthabasca, is barren. From that point, as far east as Lake Winnipeg and the rivers which connect it with Hudson's Bay, and as far south as the frontier line, the country is a continuation of the vast prairies which are watered by the Mississippi and the Missouri. Eastward from Lake Winnipeg, and over the Canadian frontier to the shores of the St. Lawrence, there is a succession of impenetrable forests.

The desert portion is, on account of its climate and soil, of no use for the purposes of colonization. The character of the forest land may be guessed at by its analogy with Canada. But on the proper development of the prairie district depends the future greatness of British North America. A writer has observed—

It is quite true that only a small portion of the Hudson's Bay Company's territories is fit for colonization, and indeed for anything but the chase; but it may be, and is true, that that small portion is a country sufficiently large and fertile to support all the population of Great Britain and all her dependencies.

Along the valley of the Saskatchewan (which runs through fifteen degrees of longitude from the Rocky Mountains to Lake Winnipeg) at no distant period must pass the traffic from the West. If the Pacific is ever connected in British territory with the Atlantic seaboard, the track must pass through a gap in the Rocky Mountains near the head waters of the Columbia and of the Saskatchewan. These rivers, one of which flows westward into the Pacific, and the other eastward to the Atlantic, rise so near each other that Sir George Simpson was able to fill his kettle for breakfast from both at the same

* For full information on the anti-Hudson's Bay Charter side, see Fitzgerald's *Hudson's Bay and Vancouver's Island*.

time. The country is magnificent, and is varied with immense plains, woods, and mountains. It is watered by innumerable streams, and abounds in wild animals and fish. Its value for the purposes of colonization is therefore manifestly very great.

Now, it is argued by the opponents of the Hudson's Bay Company, that by their charter an inconsiderable number of fur traders are enabled to exclude British colonization and trade, and to shut them in within the narrow limits of the Canadas, while they exercise an usurped sovereignty over lands in which all Britons have an equal interest by right of birth. They further declare, translating diplomatic into familiar English, that King Charles II. made no such grant as that now claimed; that if he did, the land was not his to give; that even if the grant were legal, its conditions have not been fulfilled, and that it has consequently lapsed: that the Company are excluded by the terms of the charter from much of the territory they claim under it, and last but not least, that they (the Canadians) will not stand it any longer.

Looking at the question with the eyes of a dispassionate inquirer, it seems a hard thing that so extensive and magnificent a territory should be shut up as a hunting ground. The Hudson's Bay Company's charter was granted in 1670. At that time, France appears to have had at least an equal right of possession with England—that is, they both claimed it. France was first in the field, for Henry IV. in 1598 granted letters patent to the Sieur de la Roche, making him lieutenant-governor over the countries of Canada, Hochelaga, and Labrador; the last named of which is claimed by King Charles's grantees.

Again, in 1627, Cardinal Richelieu granted a charter to a society called the 'Compagnie de la Nouvelle France,' giving them a monopoly of everything—administration of justice, founding of cannon, trade in peltries, and many other curious rights. The limits of La Nouvelle France were to extend from the

Labrador coast to the Pacific, and from the Gulf of Florida to the Arctic Sea!

Charles II., who seems to have known as little as may be of the geography of the country he granted, and to have been somewhat uneasy in respect of his ownership thereof, while bestowing on the Company the sole trade of all the countries 'into which they shall find entrance or passage by water or land, out of the territories, limits, and places aforesaid' (which may be construed to mean all the world), expressly excepts those 'that are already possessed by or granted to any of our subjects, or possessed by the subjects of any other Christian prince or State.' If, therefore, the Crown of France had a right to the lands it granted away so royally in 1627, it follows that the English king, by the very terms of his grant, excluded the Hudson's Bay Company from the territory they now claim under it.

This question of ownership had been decided in the preceding reign. By the treaty of St. Germain-en-Laye, in 1632, Charles I. had resigned to Louis XIII. the sovereignty of New France,* Acadia, and Canada.

The Treaty of Ryswick, by which it was agreed that Commissioners should be appointed to decide the rights and pretension 'which either king of the said kings hath to the places situated on Hudson's Bay,' expressly gave back to the French certain forts which had been seized by the Chevalier de Troyes during the peace which preceded the war, and which had been during the war retaken by the English, implying clearly that the ownership of these forts was so well acknowledged that there was no need for the Commissioners to trouble themselves about them. The forts were those on James and Hudson's Bay, which had been built by the Hudson's Bay Company on the faith of Charles the Second's grant. The claim of France must have been indeed indisputable, if the aggression of the Chevalier de Troyes during a time of peace was recognised and justified

* The English who signed the treaty of St. Germain-en-Laye, must have formed a different idea of the limits of La Nouvelle France from that mentioned above, else why was it referred to the plenipotentiaries of Ryswick?

by treaty, on the ground that the country occupied by these forts then belonged to the French Sovereign, and that their English possessors had no business there.

It would seem, therefore, that the country did not belong to England, and was consequently expressly excepted from the charter as being in the possession of subjects of another Christian king.

The Hudson's Bay Company's charter must have possessed great vitality to carry it through so many dangers. During the eighteen years between the Treaty of Ryswick and that of Utrecht, its rights slumbered. In 1714 the whole country was made over to England; Hudson's Bay then became for the first time undisputedly a British possession, though not till many years after the date of the charter.

While the English were driving a precarious trade on the confines of Hudson's Bay, and possessing their small limits only by the sufferance of the Chevalier de Troyes, the Canadian *voyageurs* of their rivals were hunting furs through the length and breadth of the valley of the Saskatchewan. Thomas Simpson* records that 'agriculture was carried on, and even wheel carriages used; in fact, that they then possessed fully as many of the attendants of civilization as the Hudson's Bay Company do now after the lapse of a century.'

The Montreal Fur Company followed in the footsteps of the Compagnie de la Nouvelle France; and ultimately pushing their enterprise beyond the Rocky Mountains, opened a prosperous trade to the Pacific coast with the Indian tribes in the valley of the Columbia.

That trade passed either by the Saskatchewan into Lake Winnipeg, or by the western trail, over the plains to the south of that river. The Hudson's Bay Company found themselves eventually unable to contend on equal terms with the French Canadian Company; their stock became at a discount; and for the first time they bethought themselves of the charter. Lord Selkirk, a man of iron will and unscrupulous temper, governed the councils of

the Company. Boldly quitting the shores of the bay to which they had hitherto clung, he traversed the plains to the south, and at a distance of a thousand miles inland established a body of the trappers and servants of his Company at the Red River, in the direct route of the north-western trade.

The French Canadians, cut off from their supplies by this act of generalship, engaged in a long and sometimes bloody quarrel with their rivals. The contest ended in their shaking hands, and together defending their joint monopoly against all the world. The Montreal, thus became absorbed in the Hudson's Bay, Company. In 1838 an act was passed through the Imperial Parliament, by which the exclusive privilege of trading with the Indians in any part of British North America not previously granted to the Hudson's Bay Company by charter, was given to the united Companies for twenty-one years. That licence expires in 1859. As, therefore, it appears probable that the Hudson's Bay charter can be proved illegal, and as the renewal of the monopoly now enjoyed by the united Companies will be strenuously and no doubt successfully opposed by the Canadians, whose direct interests must of course suffer by its continuance, nothing very formidable will exist to fight about at the end of that time. But many vested interests are involved in the extinction of the monopoly. The large holders of Hudson's Bay stock would be ruined by such a proceeding on the one hand, and on the other the Canadians would not know what to do with such an enormous extent of country, supposing it to be forthwith annexed to the province.

The learned Judge whom Canada has sent over to represent the views of her people, will no doubt announce them in due time. Meanwhile we may speculate what would be most advantageous for her.

The possession of the prairie district from Lake Superior to the Rocky Mountains, through which will eventually run the Pacific railroad, and whose fertile plains are fit for the reception of large numbers

* *Life and Travels of Thomas Simpson.*

of colonists, could alone be of any use to Canada. The Hudson's Bay Company may have no legal claim for compensation, but the blow would fall none the less heavily on those who have invested in the undertaking, believing it to be legal, if they were deprived of their rights without compensation. A compromise would be the fairest way of settling the matter, and doubtless the Hudson's Bay Company would be perfectly ready to accede to any proposition of the kind. The licence to trade might be renewed for a limited time, on the condition that any portions required by Canada, either for opening out facilities for trade or for purposes of colonization, were to be given up to her. As the licence expires in two years, the sum that could fairly be demanded by the Company for the surrender of two years' authority over the small portion of territory that Canada could require in that time, could not be very large.

There is another subject which has not been touched upon in these pages, because it involves the question of the truth or untruth of the accusations brought against the Company, respecting their ill treatment of the Indians. These questions are under the scrutiny of a Parliamentary committee, and should not be prejudged. At the same time, it is self-evident that good security should be demanded from the Company for their proper treatment of the Indian tribes, whom they are bound, by the charter under which they claim, to protect and educate; but who, to use the mildest language, are still entirely uncivilized.

Since the above was written, the dissolution of Parliament has put an end to the labours of the Hudson's Bay Committee. Do not let us prejudge the question, but, for the sake of our national honour, let not the people of England allow the accident of the dissolution to stifle inquiry into it.

Let us remember what the alle-

gations against the Company are. It is asserted that the people over whom it was, by the terms of its charter, to exercise a paternal sway, have been oppressed, tortured, and murdered. It is said that Indians have been shot and hanged by subordinate officers, after a mere mockery of trial, on mere suspicion of wrong-doing.* Missionaries complain that, far from being assisted in Christianizing the Indians, their labours are impeded, and themselves insulted.† It is said that the *employés* of the Company have taken advantage of the monopoly of supply which it enjoys, to make the Indians helplessly dependent upon it, and then, in order to compel obedience to some command, or to gratify some caprice of arbitrary power, that they have denied the commodities which they only could supply, and have starved families to death by wholesale.‡ The charter of the Company proves that it undertook, and was paid to perform, vast geographical explorations. It is stated that it has never so much as attempted to carry them out. The monopoly it enjoys was only given on the terms which the authorities above mentioned declare to have been disregarded. If these charges be true, the commerce of England has been crippled by the closing of these vast regions to her commerce, without any return whatever. It is stated, moreover, that the oppressed Indian is compelled to part with his furs for goods 'certainly under one-twentieth of the value of the furs in England.'§

I will conclude with a quotation from Mr. Fitzgerald:—'We were promised the salvation, if not the regeneration, of the Indian race; we were promised that missionary enterprise should take the place of commercial competition: but have these promises been kept?—not one fraction of them.' If these things be true, the great heart of the English people will rise against such wickedness; at any rate, let not inquiry die.

* McLean, vol. ii. 222.

† Rev. Mr. Barnley, missionary to Hudson's Bay (quoted by Mr. Fitzgerald); and Rev. Mr. Beaver, missionary, Fort Vancouver.

‡ *Life of Thomas Simpson*, Dr. King's narrative, vol. i. p. 169.

§ *Life of Thomas Simpson*, p. 427.

But the Hudson's Bay territory has already detained us too long from the general sketch of Canada which we intended to offer.

I have often thought what a pity it is that from prudential motives one is debarred from the pleasure of habitual sight-seeing from a balloon. It would save much troublesome travelling and discomfort, and leave a more complete impression on the mind than a number of views seen piecemeal can do.

To lionize Canada in this way, my balloon should ascend from Toronto. Supposing the aéronaut's neck not to be broken in the descent, he would find himself well repaid. Toronto, now the seat of government, is beautifully situated on the western shore of Lake Ontario. A long tongue of land juts out into the lake; and the trees upon it—seen from a distance on the water, when the shore they stand on is, if I may be allowed the expression, hull down—suggested the Indian name Tarónton, *i.e.*, Trees in the water.

To the west the observer would look down upon three great lakes—Superior, Michigan, and Huron, narrowing down towards their common centre, a picturesque spot on the boundary line, where the waters of Lake Superior rush over 'St. Mary's Leap.' The centre lake, that of Michigan, appears in shape not unlike the body of a great beetle (Superior and Huron, its two outspread wings), fluttering off the State of Michigan on to British ground. The swift and rocky French River connects Lake Nipissing with that angle of Lake Huron called the Georgian Bay, at the entrance of which is Manitoulin, the sacred island of the Indians. Far beyond, an undulating expanse of forest stretches away over the northern frontier hills.

West of Lake Superior, if the vision of our imaginary aéronaut could reach nine hundred miles, he would see a little stream flowing down from the *Hauteur des Terres*: that little stream is the head water of the Great St. Lawrence; though at first it contains barely sufficient water to float a canoe, it is destined, during its pilgrimage of two thousand miles, to drain an extent of country equal to Great Britain and Ireland, and

to be known by many different names.

The St. Louis, as it is called in the early part of its course, gradually swells into a brawling torrent, big with danger to canoes, and compelling weary portages over the huge basaltic mounds, down which it takes the shortest way. Its banks, rarely visited by any but the migratory Indian, are still dense with forest and unattacked by civilization. Here and there a tree, barked, and inscribed with rude pictographs by the Indians, records the number of canoes and other statistics relating to some passing party; or a votive offering of tobacco lies mouldering on a stone dedicated to Manitou.

At Fond du Lac, the St. Louis joins Lake Superior. Thence it must fall eighty feet over the Sault Ste. Marie, and widen again into Lake Huron; it must rush through the narrows between Detroit and Windsor, widen again into Lake Erie, and take its stupendous leap at Niagara, ere it traverses Lake Ontario, and commences its northerly course to the sea.

Directly to the south of Toronto a column of rising foam marks the position of Niagara. Thence a railroad runs away through Rochester and Utica to the east, till it meets the Hudson River, and turns southward along its banks to New York and the shores of the Atlantic.

An imaginative American general, in an official despatch after the battle of Lundy's-lane, which took place within sight and hearing of the great thunder of waters, represents that cloud of spray rising from the chasm into which the tumbling river has leapt, as the smoke of sacrificial incense rising up to heaven in gratitude for the victory which had crowned the American arms. Perhaps the spray would have ascended all the same if the whole American army had been hurled over the Falls; perhaps even the alleged victory is doubtful. I leave the question to history. Certainly the Falls might well inspire a greater poet than the general. In summer the village on the American shore, and the great hotel on the Canadian side of the

river, are crowded with tourists from all parts of the world.

Yankees, who come by the early express, and go away satisfied at night by the mail, tear about in carriages from Table Rock to the rapids below Chippewa, and from thence to the whirlpool below the bridge—with iced champagne in a basket under the driver's knees, and materials for a pic-nic on Goat Island inside—I don't think they ever look at the view. Some do not even go sight-seeing, but think the Falls a bore, and care for nothing but bowls, billiards, brandy cocktails by day, and dancing by night. Learned Germans gaze at the river through their spectacles and pipe-smoke for hours, and write transcendental reflections upon it in the *Table Rock Album*, with beery enthusiasm. English travellers creep between the waters and the rock, to cut their names on the stone six inches further on than anybody else has been able to get. I must not, too, forget to mention an American gentleman who was unable to remain long enough to look at the Falls by daylight. He arrived about eight in the evening, and the night was so dark that he was obliged to borrow a lantern, by the light of which, to use his own expression, he 'viewed the waterfall, and after that hadn't only just time to get through supper afore it was time to start, to catch the lightning run (*Ang.* Express train) for New York!' But when the tourists have gone off with the sun mer, when the hotels are shut up, and the deep snow hides the glitter of the mushroom edifices that are erected near the banks, and the Falls are left to solitude and frozen nature,—then is the time to visit them.

Great masses of ice from Lake Erie come thundering and leaping down the rapids, and smash to pieces as they go over. As the land-springs drip and freeze, huge icicles form gradually from the tops of the rocks, and gleam with prismatic colours in the cold sunlight. You may climb with spiked shoes and icepoles over the slippery ice below the cliff, and look upwards at these frozen pillars, which appear to support its summit: some of them are twenty feet in diameter, and near two hundred in height.

On the boulders at the base of the American Fall, and on the American side of the Canadian Fall, the spray congeals, and the snow freezes upon it till huge cones of ice creep up in front of the Fall, and muffle the roar of the water that tumbles behind. The smashed and pounded ice that floats in the eddies of the basin below, freezes together and forms a dam across the river. The pressure of the water upheaves huge blocks of ice, and piles them on each other till an ice-bridge is formed from one shore to the other. The passage is dangerous, for the water may sweep it away in a moment, and carry everything upon it to destruction in the horrible whirlpool further down, even if the rapids at the bridge did not smash it to atoms long before it got there.

Due east from his elevated point of observation, the aeronaut would look along the national boundary line that bisects Ontario, through Sackett's Harbour, the scene of hard fighting in the last American war, to the chain of lakes, known to most readers as the scene of Cooper's thrilling Indian story of *The Last of the Mohicans*, and across the White Mountains to Portland.

Northwards, a thin fringe of settlements is succeeded by a wooded and unexplored region, traversed by the fertile valley of the Madawaska, and bounded by the easterly course of the Ottawa. On the north-eastern shoulder of Ontario sits Kingston, a lively and enterprising town, carrying on a brisk trade with the lake ports and the United States. Its appearance may be described in the words of one of its Scotch inhabitants, with whom I once travelled up the St. Lawrence in a steamer. He was talking to a friend who had just arrived from home, and who asked him what sort of a place it was. 'Well,' he said, 'ye mind the lang toun of Kirkaldy, in Fife.'

'Ay! I mind it weel,' said his friend, with a regretful sigh.

'Then Kingston is no that unlike Kirkaldy, forby it is na' a lang toun, and ye canna see the Firth'—two important exceptions, but the simile gives a good idea of the

place. Its detractors call the fertility of its soil in question; they say that it grows nothing but radishes, and that they shoot off at right angles in consequence of meeting rock an inch below the surface.

At Montreal the St. Lawrence receives the Ottawa from the west, and, at the old French Canadian town of Three-Rivers, the St. Maurice. The district is rich in minerals—iron, black-lead, and tin are found there; the former metal is the means of giving employment to a great number of hands, as it enables its possessors to contract with the Grand Trunk Railway for a large quantity of iron wheels.

Mineral wealth is, however, not its only resource. The St. Maurice has lately been opened up for lumbering operations; white and yellow pine, maple, and birch can be obtained along its tributaries. The usual result of lumbering operations is seen in the impulse given to agriculture; many farmers have settled there, and they can command for their produce as high a rate as in most of the agricultural districts. The Falls of Shawanegan and Grande Mere are magnificent—either of them would make the fortune of a country in Europe as a bait for tourists, though here of course thrown into the shade by the unapproachable grandeur of Niagara; and the scenery on the richly-wooded banks of the St. Maurice is another of the charms so lavishly bestowed by Nature on this favoured land.

Next, the widening river rolls past Quebec, the strongest fortress in America. The lumberers, whose perils and labours were described in our former paper, look forward to it as the end of their toilsome journey.

The traveller who glides stream-impelled through some wild lake or broad river under the Canadian summer sun, remarks the raft, as it floats double with its shadow on the waters, as a fitting foreground to a fair picture, and forgets it ere the next headland hides it from his sight. Little he reckons of the comedies of real life—ay, and the tragedies too—that take place on the acres of timber he passes by so carelessly. Long after he has reached his desti-

nation, long perhaps after months of business have swept his summer journey from his mind, that raft, with the houses upon it, the flags, the dogs, the children, and the same wild and picturesque assemblage that formed the foreground of his transient steam-boat picture, is still wending down its slow and toilsome way, a self-contained society.

On the south shore of the St. Lawrence, from the wharves below the citadel of Quebec, to Carouge, some five miles up the river, great booms are moored, inside which the rafts as they reach their destination are stored, till the logs composing them are wanted for shipment.

If, according to the fanciful theory of the old mythology, weeping wood nymphs accompany their favourite trees from their home in the distant woods, to take a last leave of them ere they quit the Western shores for ever, they could hardly bid them farewell in a more lovely spot.

Between the valley of the St. Charles and the St. Lawrence, a high promontory runs forward, on which Quebec is built. The river widens at the junction to a noble lake, where the whole navy of England might anchor. From the Citadel on Cape Diamond, you may trace the river, as it winds away towards the sea, and is lost to view in the blue distance behind the Laurentine hills: at your feet the quaint old French town, with narrow streets, like an importation from Normandy: on the left the St. Charles rolls down through a wooded country, rich with corn-fields, and dotted with white villages, on whose tin-covered church spires the sun shines as on burnished silver.

Behind you, as you stand looking down the river, lie the Plains of Abraham; further on, beautiful pleasure-grounds crown the high and precipitous bank. At its base a long suburb (created by the necessities of the numerous labourers who work in 'the coves') follows the windings of the river. Thousands of acres of rafts teem with life, and resound with the hum of men and the far-off ring of axes. On the opposite bank is the town, called, after the friend and colleague of Montcalm, De Levi. On the bosom

of the sunny waters lie richly-freighted merchantmen, and busy steamers leave behind them widening tracks of foam. Not the least interesting object to British eyes is the high rock where, surrounded by the guns of the strongest fortress of America, the Union Jack floats proudly from sunrise to sunset.

At Grosse Isle, some distance below Quebec, is the emigrants' Quarantine Station. Still further down are situated the watering-places at which the Canadian gentry vegetate when the summer heats drive them 'out of town.' The Yankee resorts of Saratoga and Newport seduce away from them a great number of summer tourists, and a trip to England and the Continent of Europe as many more. The sprightliness of Saratoga balls and society generally, and the delights of Newport bathing parties, have been chronicled again and again by innumerable tourists.

The scenery of the lower part of the river is comparatively uninteresting; but the Saguenay, one of its tributaries, navigable for many miles from its mouth, and supposed to be in the latter part of its course unfathomable, is a most curious and beautiful stream. Doubtless some great convulsion in the early years of creation rent the high granite cliff in two, and the chasm, which no plumb-line has ever been able to fathom, has been adopted as the outlet of the river, which runs through an immense extent of country. At the mouth of the St. Lawrence is situated the stern and rock-bound island of Anticosti. It is as yet uninhabited, except by the lighthouse men who attend the signal stations recently established there; but a gloomy interest attaches to it, from the tales of shipwreck and starvation of which its rocks are the scene. In 1828, the shipwrecked mariners of the *Granicus* were forced to cannibalism, until the last wretch perished for want of any victim to prey upon. The bones and mangled remains were found scattered about the wild shores of Anticosti, as if a struggle had taken place in the last extremity. The river (at this point ninety miles wide) here ends its course—a fitting exit for so grand a stream.

The part of the country which has as yet been brought under cultivation, and thickly inhabited, is a mere strip of land stretching along the north bank of the St. Lawrence from Quebec to Kingston, and the shores of Lake Ontario, diverging along the margin of their tributary streams. The only place where civilization has gone inland is on the peninsula contained by Lakes Huron and Erie and the St. Clair River. The extreme fertility of the soil in this part of the country, and the ready, almost precocious, energy of its first settlers, who have run a railway along the whole line of the peninsula, have secured to the agricultural inhabitants of this district a large measure of prosperity.

The towns along this line—the great western—have at once seen the peculiarity of this position, and made the most of it. They have not, like many other parts of the country, to depend on the opening out of some great route, whose produce is to enrich them in passing; their mission is self-contained, and though of course sharing in the increase of general prosperity, they can, unassisted, devote their whole energies to the production of food and the trade consequent upon it.

Nature has evidently intended Canada as a carrying, not as a producing, country. For this purpose her grand highway, the St. Lawrence and the Great Lakes, will stand in good stead, and the Canadians will no doubt become the great carriers of the Western world. They have from various causes entered late into the field; and their magnificent system of canals now completed, shows that they have entered with spirit into the contest which must end in restoring to the St. Lawrence the position it has lost. The Canada Corn Act of 1843, giving a preference in British markets to produce conveyed by way of the St. Lawrence, gave a temporary and artificial stimulus to the trade; but that preference was withdrawn in 1846, and Montreal and Quebec then lost the temporary advantage they had enjoyed.

They had no railroads to compete with the United States, and the freights by the St. Lawrence, unassisted by differential duties, ex-

ceeded those by way of the United States. Merchandize, as a natural consequence, was forced through American channels.

Of course the repeal of the differential duties was assailed with vehement abuse by a certain class of politicians. Experience has however shown that the beginning of Canadian prosperity is coincident with the destruction of the false support on which she leaned. Her merchants have from that eventful moment devoted their whole energies to the task of raising her in the scale of nations, with a patriotism and unanimity unexampled, and with success which has well repaid them. But they have contended against enormous odds, and have had to engage their enterprising neighbours across the lines on very unequal terms.

The machinery which the United States was enabled to put in motion in 1846, has even now hardly been equalled in Canada. The Americans have consequently had at least ten years' clear start.

Lakes Ontario and Erie had been connected with the Hudson River more than twenty years, and a network of railways united New York and various points intermediate and remote, with the Great Lakes, at Buffalo. Canada had then—as was shown by an extract, quoted in the first part of these 'Notes,' from Lord Durham's Report—only fifteen miles of railroad in the whole province. The canals which now surmount the rapids of the St. Lawrence were not nearly completed.

It may, therefore, be stated, that the United States had no rival which could contest with her the carrying trade of the West; and when that trade began to acquire its great and rapidly increasing importance, it found its way naturally over the beaten tracks.

Looking at the helpless state of Canada at that time, the British Government, on establishing the North American mail steamers in 1839, had no option but to send them into the American ports of New York and Boston.

The assistance enjoyed by this company amounts to the large sum of £186,000 a year. The United

States subsidize an American line at about an equal annual cost.

Canadian enterprise, assisted by private British capital, has now placed her in a position to compete with the States, if unfettered; but she finds herself totally unable to contend against two subsidized rivals—one assisted by a foreign Government, and one by her own. It behoves British capitalists—especially those who have invested in Canadian Grand Trunk Railway Stock, much of which is held in this country, and the value of which will depend much on the success which may attend the endeavour of the St. Lawrence route to attract the increasing Western trade—to examine this question with attention, and to see whether the burdens entailed on Canada by the unmaternal attitude of the Home Government will not militate against the success of the undertaking they have engaged in. The last few years have seen an enormous difference in the value of imports and exports from the Western States and Upper Canada, but the portion of that trade which passed through the St. Lawrence is almost the same now as it was ten years ago.

Canada, then, is overweighted in the race. It would be an anomalous spectacle to see a mother country throw her influence into the scale to crush the rising trade of one of her colonies. The justice of England would not tolerate such a course. The only excuse for continuing the system would be the impracticability of any other. If, however, the Canadians can show that the St. Lawrence route affords greater facilities in every respect than that by the United States, they will have made out their case, and be fully justified in praying for the non-renewal of the Cunard contract, which expires in 1862. Our colonists rightly imagine that it would be useless to advocate the only really fair course—viz., that the English Government should subsidize a Canadian line to the same amount as they now do that to the United States. Of the £800,000 annually paid for the Mail Steam Packet Service to our various colonies, Canada, they say, has never yet received anything, which, as such matters are arranged, is an *a priori* argument that she

never will. Setting aside, then, that full measure of justice, the next best thing would be to adopt the cheap plan of not favouring either. Meantime, Canada must go on as she can—only it will be lucky for British, and other shareholders of Canadian Stock, if the finances of the country—which have already been strongly tried to build the railroads now in operation—stand the continued strain of *un-free* competition.

The case in point is thus ably stated by the Honourable John Young,* one of the members of the Canadian Parliament for Montreal, and one of the most straightforward and far-seeing guides of the commercial policy of his country:—

I shall now show (he says) that with vessels of equal speed to those running to New York and Boston, the mails between Britain and any part of the United States can be delivered in less time by the St. Lawrence during navigation, and in winter by way of Portland.

A careful examination of the matter will demonstrate that, in order to secure the most rapid delivery of the mails between any part of America and Great Britain, the voyage of the *Atlantic* steamer should terminate at that point the least distant from Britain, and which also shall be in connexion by railroad with other parts of the interior. The distance from Liverpool to New York—I obtain my figures from Mr. Wyld of Charing-cross—is computed to be 2980 geographical miles; from Liverpool to Quebec, 2502 miles *via* the Straits of Belle Isle. If therefore the *Persia*, or any other vessel, makes the voyage to New York in ten days, it follows that the same vessel would have run to Quebec in eight days and ten hours; and as the distance from Quebec to New York by railroad is 570 miles, or nineteen hours at the rate of thirty miles an hour, it is evident that the mails by the steamer to Quebec would be in New York nineteen hours earlier than if the *Persia*, or other steamer, had gone direct from Liverpool to New York. Boston, the nearest eastern American port to Great Britain, under the present mail contract, is 2790 miles from Liverpool. Suppose such a vessel as the *Persia* able to make the voyage in nine and a half days, Quebec could by the same vessel be reached in eight days and fourteen hours; and with fourteen and a half hours to pass over 430 miles of railway

from Quebec, it is clear that the mails, even to this point, could be delivered in eight hours and a half less time than by steamer direct from Liverpool to Boston.

Mr. Young in his letter touches but incidentally on the objection which is always made to such a suggestion in this country. The present writer, for instance, advanced the facts here set down, in conversation with a distinguished political economist and politician.

The man of science chuckled out, between two long pinches of snuff, 'Well, the argument's not bad. But supposing the distance to be shorter, the St. Lawrence is frozen over—how many months in the year?'

'Five.'

'Nearer seven, I should say; and' (with a still more triumphant chuckle) 'what is the good of your route being four hundred miles shorter, when for half the year or more you can't get within four hundred miles of Quebec?'

'While the navigation is closed they will go to Portland,' said I, rather humbly. I knew by experience what was coming next.

'Oh, then you will go half the year to an American port, after all; and I just doubt very considerably whether you would be obliged to go always to Portland, and never to Quebec at all; for the hydrographer to the Admiralty says that, what with floating ice and want of light-houses, you never can count on the St. Lawrence navigation at all.'

'Well, but the Canadians have built lighthouses, and are already running a line of steamers which have carried the mails quicker than the New York route, though their vessels are neither so large nor so swift; only for want of funds they are at the mercy of the American and English lines. If they could get a subsidy—'

'Hout, man; it's all very well talking about your subsidies and light-houses and the like; but you're just taking up a line of argument that will never be acted upon. Doubtless we will be very happy to take away the other man's subsidy, very happy indeed, if that will please your friends the Canadians; but you

* Letter to *The Times*, September 16th, 1856.

will never get people to believe in the St. Lawrence line.'—*Exco-iracundus*.

Lord Elgin, speaking of the St. Lawrence route, says :—

Maps on Mercator's projection, and the fact that indifferent ships, recklessly navigated, have not unfrequently been employed in the lumber trade, have contributed to produce an exaggerated popular impression with respect to the length and perils of the ocean route of the St. Lawrence. * * * * The ocean route of the St. Lawrence is by no means peculiarly hazardous to well-found ships, navigated by officers who are thoroughly acquainted with it, while it is especially adapted to screw or paddle steam-ships, from the circumstance that a considerable portion of the passage from one continent to another is in smooth water.

Without being an apologist for the St. Lawrence navigation, one may decri such a departure from Free-trade principle as a subsidy to a rival. Do not help the Canadians, if you think they do not show a good cause; but do not, on the other hand, break their backs, and incapacitate them from aiding themselves if they can, because you think they already labour under a disadvantage.

The difficulties of the St. Lawrence route have been increased by the direction taken by the stream of emigration. The large majority of emigrants have gone to the West—or even to Canada, if that was their destination—by way of New York. In 1851,* 300,000 emigrants landed in New York; these arrived in 2211 vessels. The return freight of vessels to Great Britain consists mainly of grain and flour, and the competition among so large a number reduces the prices of freight to little more than one-half the price by way of the St. Lawrence. Ships clearing out of Canadian ports carry few emigrants, and indeed usually arrive in ballast; consequently the home freight alone has to remunerate for two voyages. Moreover, lumber, which forms the largest item of Canadian export, is an article of great bulk in proportion to its value. It follows

that the trade employs an undue number of ships in proportion to the value of the articles exported. Labour in the woods and outward freight are the only measures of the value of Canadian timber: unlike that of Norway, rent adds but a small amount to its price. We have therefore only to discover some means of ensuring return freights to Canadian ships, in order very considerably to diminish the price of the corn and wood of which England is so large a consumer. Each means are to be found in properly-organized emigration.

A free passage to Canada for able-bodied men and women (old or incapable persons are a legitimate charge on the poor-rates) would relieve the people of England of an immense body of persons who must either steal, starve, or go to the workhouse, and would supply Canada with the bone and sinew which are alone wanting to enable her to compete successfully with all the difficulties that beset her. It seems self-evident that, as we have a large body of persons whom the Canadians want, and we do not—indeed, they will become chargeable on us if they remain here—it would be mutually advantageous, and cheaper for us in the end, to ship them off. I do not know what may be the average cost of an individual in England when once he has 'come upon the parish,' but it can hardly be less than the sum which it would cost to remove him. The demand for domestic and agricultural labour is great and unsatisfied. Canada could not absorb the whole of our *proletaires*, as our neighbours call them, at once, but it would certainly make a gradual and perceptible difference.

Look at the thousands of men who in our great towns must starve or steal; at the number of women who have the choice of only two alternatives, either of eighteen hours' work a day at the needle for bare subsistence, or of the nameless fate that too many accept, a few months of wretched excitement,

* I have not the returns for the last few years, but I know generally that in 1852, 1853, and 1854, the emigration by way of the St. Lawrence increased a little, and that 1855 showed a decrease (in consequence of the European war and cessation of Irish emigration) of 30,809 persons.

death in a hospital, and a pauper's funeral. Think on these things, and say whether, even if the emigration scheme were the more expensive, it be not false economy to remain as we are. Canada is doing her part towards such a scheme, though perhaps she does not begin at the right end. Government has set apart Crown lands in the valley of the Ottawa, which will be granted free to any man willing to comply with the few conditions with which the gift is saddled. These briefly are, settler to be eighteen years of age—to take possession of his land within one month, and bring twelve acres of it into cultivation within four years—to reside on the lot till the settlement duty is performed, and to build a house twenty feet by eighteen.

Land left to itself is calculated to double its value every ten years in Canada, exclusive of improvements made upon it. A house like that required by Government can easily be made in four or five days by five men; if the settler be in a populated neighbourhood, his neighbours will always assist him to build his house. The pot and pearl ashes manufactured by a simple process from the trees which he burns to clear his farm, will be worth from £6 to £7 a barrel; in short, if he once can get out there, he will be pretty sure, with industry, to do well. But, as I said before, a free grant of land on arrival is not the thing that is wanted. A settler of the class most wanted in Canada has no money to pay his passage out, or to work the free grant when he has got it. The assistance he wants is a free passage, and information as to the wages and demand for labour. I would say to Canadian officials, sell your wild lands instead of giving them freely, and devote the proceeds to paying for the passages of immigrants. Such, I believe, is or was the practice in some of the Australian colonies. Till the Canadian labour market is better stocked than it is, even as long as competition fails to reduce wages below the price at which the servant can live with decency, the colonists need not fear that the influx of penniless immigrants will do them any harm.

There is, however, another totally distinct class who would do well to think of Canada as a means of improving their position—the gentleman of education whose means are insufficient to support him in the sphere of society for which his talents fit him in Europe. In Canada he will find an educated society and employment: such an one must not, however, go into the woods, and think to make farming pay. He is probably unused to it, and a horny-handed, thick-headed ploughman will be making his fortune on the next lot, while he is breaking his heart with failure and his back with log-rolling. He had better invest his money in some approved provincial security, as Municipal debentures or Bank-stock, which yield six or eight per cent., and live on the proceeds till a year's acquaintance with the colony enables him to see his own way.

Telegraphs run along the side not only of every railway but of almost every highway in the Province, and are used as commonly as the London post with its five deliveries a day. In England the arrival of a missive of this description acts like a thunderclap on the recipient and his family, who can only refer the unusual circumstance to some great event or overwhelming calamity; but the telegraph is used all over the continent of America as freely as we do the penny post. This is, of course, partly owing to the grand scale of distances here. We have no English cities eight or nine hundred miles away from London with which it is desirable to keep up a constant and instantaneous communication, and the rapidity of the post renders it still less a matter of absolute necessity. The habit of sending by telegraph has now so taken root among the customs of the country, that even if the speed of the post were infinitely increased, it would make no difference to the receipts of the Telegraph Company. News from Europe is known almost at the same moment in every town and village in Upper and Lower Canada, and is generally printed and largely circulated before the vessel which brought it has dropped her anchor. The number of miles already at work is about 3500, of which the

Montreal Company* has 2783 in operation. An additional 147 miles are in course of construction. It has four miles of submarine wire, and at the head office the average is 750 messages a-day; its stock is at 15 per cent. premium, and for some years it has given 10 per cent. to its shareholders.

Canada has as yet had no time to devote to literature and the arts. She has so recently passed out of a condition of hard struggling 'for the dear life,' that she has not as yet thought of the merely ornamental part of it. She has many able writers; but their topics are generally local, or at any rate Canadian; and though many say what they have to say in a nervous, business-like way, they evidently prefer matter to style, and write like businessmen in a hurry—as they are. As Macaulay says of Milton—'there is no elaborate imitation of classical antiquity, no scrupulous purity, none of the ceremonial clearness which characterizes our academical Pharisees.' The author does not attempt to polish and brighten his composition into the Ciceronian gloss and brilliancy. The newspaper press absorbs most of this kind of talent; and as in other parts of America, a man cannot receive a letter from England or tramp fifty miles through the bush, without writing to the editor of his paper to tell what his friend says, or what sort of land he saw on his journey. A good, sound education is almost universal, at any rate among the native-born Canadians; almost every man can read, and every man who can read takes in a newspaper. These of course, as water finds its own level, assimilate themselves to the tastes of their subscribers, and where each depends for advancement on his own acuteness and acquirements, everything in the way of knowledge is acceptable, whatever be the subject. Such curiosity is of course little likely to stop short at the narrow limits of its own affairs. A friend at New York to whom I complained of the non-arrival of an expected letter from England, jokingly told me to make my mind easy, for that I should

shortly have an opportunity of reading it in the pages of the *New York Herald*, with asterisks, substituted from motives of delicacy (!) for vowels in the proper names. I do not mean to imply that curiosity runs so high as that in Canada; but it is strongly developed, nevertheless. In one point the Transatlantic newspapers have a decided advantage over the English—want of matter to fill up corners never causes enormous gooseberries to ripen for the occasion; two-headed calves are unknown. Instead of these marvels, stray spaces are filled up with little stories, such as the wits of the New World are alone able to indite. What we term humour is almost unknown; the jokes all turn on some ludicrous exaggeration of phrase or laughable situation.

Here is one from a Southern paper, as I need not say. A negro recounts the 'smart' dodge by which he purchased his freedom:—'Well, now, I used to be a mis'able nigger—one of the mis'ablest kind; and I just got so pee-owful weak that I couldn't do nuffin but jist lay in the garden and make shift to eat up the sarse' (garden sauce, *Ang.* vegetables), 'so I had to 'suade missus to trade me, I was such a mis'able nigger. Says I, "Missus, I've got a hundred dollars; you'd best take it, 'cos I ain't no good at all." So she did. Oh! this nigger was cheap at that; guess I realized 'bout nine hundred dollars on that nigger!'

Could any but an American have dreamed of a man making money by purchasing himself under his market price?

Here's another:—'Mr. C—, of our city, was turning out of the yard in a trotting wagon, with a span of fine young horses. Team took fright—ran up against the gatepost, upset the driver, and started off at the rate of 2.40. "Quick!" shouted C—, as he scrambled up, to a friend who had witnessed the accident; "quick, what will you give for the carriage *as she runs!*" "Sixty dollars." "Done." Scarcely had he spoken, when a smash on a stump by the roadside destroyed the hopes of the hasty speculator.'

* *Montreal Herald*.

The political paragraphs are not so hopelessly unintelligible in Canada as they are in the States, where you read that 'in the anti-Pollywog convention the Barn-burning element mustered strong last week.' Still you may puzzle yourself a little over such an announcement as this:—'Mr. —, on taking the stump, proceeded to demolish the clear grit platform; one or two planks of which he, however, seemed inclined to swallow.'

Party politics run very high, though perhaps on questions affecting the welfare of the Province there is more unanimity of views than there would be on a corresponding question in England. All seem to reserve their factious or political opposition for questions that relate more or less distinctly to the two great parties in all Parliaments—the ins and the outs, and to unite cordially on those which are really important. It seems to be thought that it would be unconstitutional not to have an Opposition; consequently the Opposition leaders 'taunt the honourable gentlemen opposite' with cowardice, treachery, treason, and other trifles, in language as parliamentary and with as much reason as in our time-honoured assembly at Westminster, on totally unimportant occasions. The suffrage is almost universal, a £6 householder in the towns, and £4 in the rural districts, being the qualification; the voting is open, as in England; and electioneering arts are at the least as well understood there as here. I heard an instance of an enthusiastic partisan, whose father died just when he was most wanted, on the very day of the election. The dutiful son managed to poll his dead papa, and save his own conscience by putting a fly in his mouth, and being thus enabled to swear that there 'was life in him!'

An election in the larger towns is much the same as one in England. In the country there is more fun and less parade; the quantity of whisky (brewed in the morning and drunk the same day) which the present writer has drunk with hard-headed backwoodsmen, would have produced *delirium tremens* at any other time; but the work of canvassing, when the houses are sometimes miles

apart, and there are no regular roads leading to them—the row in the villages, the fatigue of stump oratory when one can only be heard by shouting the crowd, and the heat of the sun—if the election take place, like the one now alluded to, in the middle of summer—deprive such dangers of their sting.

The excellent municipal system of Canada accustoms the people to the use of the elective principle in everything. The educated settler who will write wills or give legal advice to his less educated neighbours, or the ingenious man who has shown his architectural talents by designing and building the houses of the settlement, will be chosen to represent it either in the town or county councils, and eventually as M.P.P.—Member of the Provincial Parliament.

Counties are divided into townships, each of which elects its own officers, who are called councillors; these choose a Reeve from their number. The Reeves of all the townships form the county council, whose deliberations are presided over by a warden, chosen from among themselves by the town Reeves. By this simple and minute division a clear insight into the local wants of every portion of the community is ensured. Cities, 'incorporated villages,' and 'police villages' have each a share in the municipal system, and enjoy, according to their degree, some exclusive privileges. A great feature in the system is the power given by the Act of 1841 (by which it was instituted) to all municipalities to raise money in their corporate capacity for local improvements, the money thus raised being represented by municipal debentures bearing six per cent. interest, guaranteed by the Government, and forming a first mortgage on all the rateable property within the municipality. The growing wealth of the Upper Canadian cities renders an investment in these loans as safe, in the opinion of persons well acquainted with Canada, as a purchase of Bank of England Stock.

But to return to the Provincial Parliament:—The House is discovered on analysis to contain thirty-nine advocates, seven notaries, six-

teen doctors, twenty-seven merchants, sixteen cultivators, nine bourgeois, four editors, two contractors, two bankers, three manufacturers, two commissioners of land companies, one tinsmith, one surveyor, and one butcher.*

The temper and statesmanship evinced in the debates of this body are admirable; the forms and practice of the English House are as closely imitated as possible, and English precedents are held to be the rule on all questions of order; the Ministry, chosen by the representative of the Crown, as in England, resign office or appeal to the country when they no longer command a majority in the House. The Upper House, or Legislative Council, enjoy, with the members of the Executive Council, the distinctive rank and title of Honourable.

The old Music Hall at Quebec, which the members of the House of Assembly were obliged to resort to when they had burnt down two Houses of Parliament in rapid succession, has now become historical, for the seat of government has been moved to Toronto. Many amusing 'dodges' were resorted to by all the members to obtain for the places they represented the honour of becoming the seat of government. Divisions were taken on the subject of the pretensions of nearly every place in the Province; all members were ready enough to combine to vote against any place, but none would vote *for* any other than his own.

In the Old House at Quebec, each member enjoyed the use of a little desk placed before his seat, which he occupied for the session, and at which he sat writing his letters. The plan has some recommendations, but is rather an obstruction

to business, by making members too comfortable, and tolerant of mere declamation. The Speaker is dressed like ours, except the wig; and 'a message from the Upper House' comes down in charge of a little French gentleman in a Court suit, who bows three times between the bar and the table of the House, to the Speaker, sitting with his hat on. The mace lies in its glory before the great official. It is as handsome a mace as the English one, and has already emulated some of its great prototype's vicissitudes of fortune. When the Assembly sat at Montreal, at a time of great excitement the mob stormed the House, and ejected the members after the fashion of Oliver Cromwell. The mace was seized and paraded by the rioters, who anxiously demanded whether it was the symbol of the authority of the 'Rebel House of Assembly,' as they profanely called it, or of the Queen. Hearing that it represented Her Majesty, they escorted it to the house of Sir Allan Macnab, the leader of the Opposition, refusing to surrender it till, with three parting cheers for the Queen, they had placed it in safety on his bed.

The members address the House in French or English indifferently. Some, after making a long discourse in one language, turn round, and complacently say it all over again in the other. An enormous and useless number of private bills are passed, some of which might just as easily be dealt with by the municipal bodies of the localities to which they relate: the effect of so much useless legislation, if it be allowed to continue and increase, will be the hopeless confusion of the already overcharged statute book.

BETA MIKRON.

* *Toronto Globe.*

